COMIC & CRYPT 6

"Neal Adams Interview" Pg. 2

COMIC & CRYPT

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Contents:

C & C INTERVIEWS NEAL ADAMS.....2

ALAN HANLEY'S JUGHEAD SASSIES.....8

A RETURN TO GREATNESS.....9

THE AMULET OF DHOL.....15

CAPTAIN GEORGE HENDERSON.....20

INSIDE KING KONG.....24

A RONN SUTTON PORTFOLIO.....31

SUNPOT: THE CREATOR & THE STRIP..36

COSMIC CONVENTION REPORT.....43

The COMIC is dedicated to Ronn Sutton, who throughout the life of this fanzine, was a tremendous source of assistance, advice, and a helluva lot of great art.

The CRYPT is dedicated to the memory of Howard Phillips Lovecraft, the greatest Gothic writer of all time.

Editorial

In this issue we'd like to introduce Bill Payne, who has just been hired by National for work in the mystery books. Bill's back cover and interior illustrations show how really good he is. Try not to miss his strips for National, but you'll have to watch for them as he did not sign them all.

The colour on the cover was not added until the ads had gone out; we hope it has proved a pleasant suprise to you.

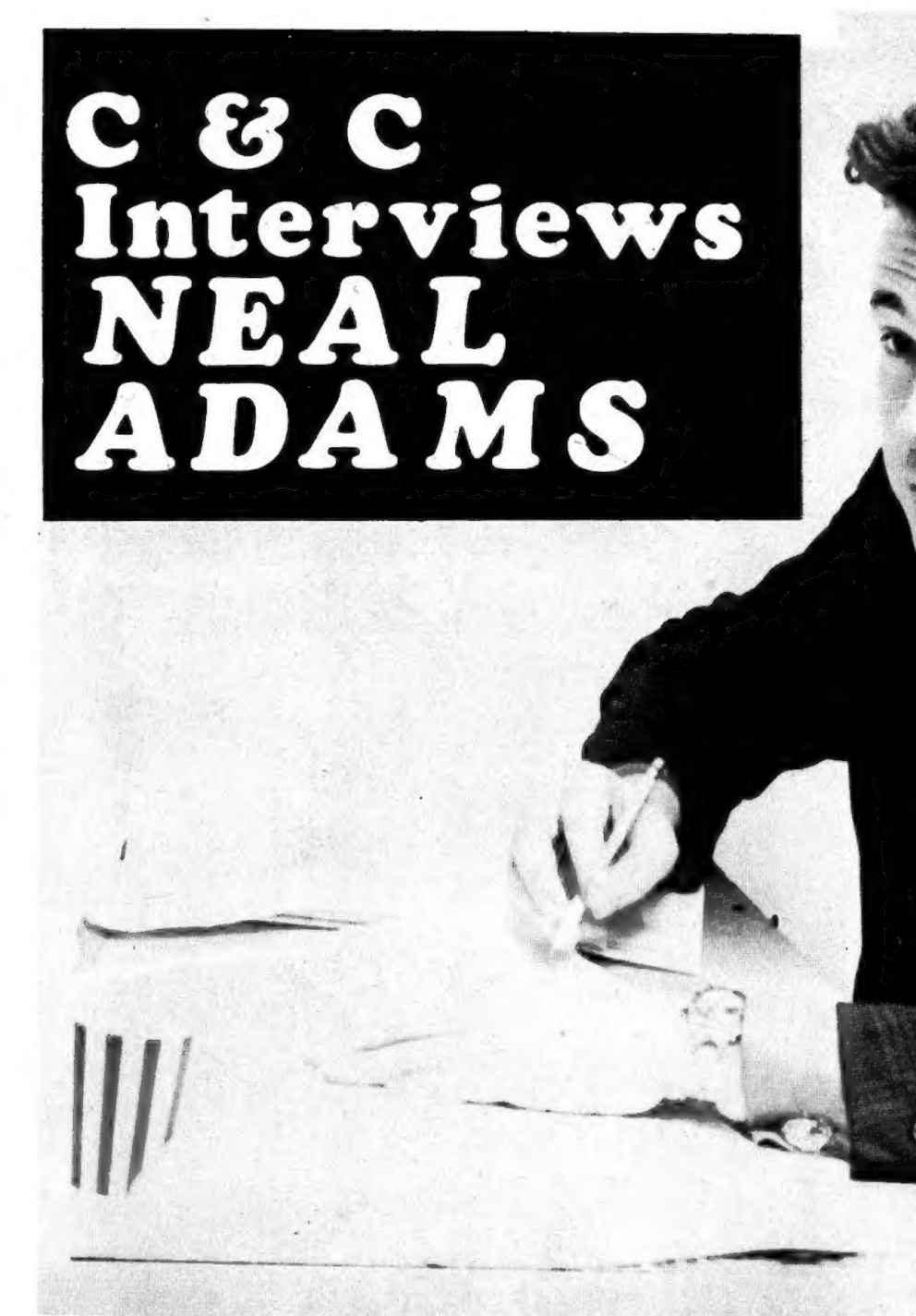
Ronn Sutton, whose work we've been fans of for a long time, has a four-page portfolio this issue; we hope that you will enjoy his work as much as we do.

Although last issue sold quite well, and this issue is expected to do the same, this may be the last issue of C & C as we are eager to try our hands at other things, so watch for some new publications under the Comic and Crypt banner. If you really enjoy the zine write us and tell us; if there is enough encouraging mail we will put out another issue. So drop us a line and tell us what you think-we really like to hear from you.

Mark Sigal David Rubin

CONTENTS PAGE

C & C Interviews NEAL ADAMS



C&C interview: Neal Adams

A TALK WITH THE INNOVATIVE ILLUSTRATOR

Comic and Crypt would like to thank Emanuel Maris, Marc Bilgrey, and John Shike for their obtaining and help in conducting this interview. Special thanks to Neal Adams for his permission to use this interview in our magazine, and Captain George Henderson, for his invaluable assistance.

C & C: Now that Green Lantern has finally been discontinued, I would like to ask you a few things about it. First, was the book ever selling well?

Neal Adams: No, not really. We had one good sale and then the book did not do as well afterwards.

Which issue was it that sold well?

I believe it was one of the Indian issues we did during the summer of 1970.

If the sales were not good enough, why was the book kept around for eighteen months after the "New Look" was initiated?

Well, I think that Carmine felt it was doing alot of good for the company in the area of public relations. So it was continued.

Did you do any of the plotting, or was it all done by Denny O'Neil?

We tried to get together and talk about the type of things we wanted to get in to.But, for the most part, Denny did the plotting for the Green Lantern-Green Arrow series.

The changes in the GL book have been acclaimed by the fans. However, you have taken away the greater percentage of GL's powers and reduced him to a slightly-powerful mortal. In doing this, you have made him a far more interesting and believable character. Were these changes that you made so extreme that they affected GL's appeal as a superhero and therefore hurt the sales of the book?

The situation is comparable to that of The Batman. What can happen to Batman? Batman is just a regular guy. He just happens to be better than anybody else;a super James Bond.

Along the lines of a superhero's mortality and its effect on sales, there is one particular Batman story which appeared, I believe, in the late forties, or early fifties. I remember this particular story well and it had to do with the Underworld Olympics. They were having these Olympics and it was Batman's job to find out why they were taking place, and to find out why he had to enter them. The story actually begins where Batman is chasing these crooks over the rooftops of Gotham City. The crooks are evading him fairly easily, and he wonders why they are in such good shape.He captures one and questions him, finds out about the Olympics,and disguises himself as the crook and enters the Olympics.He discovers that the winner of these games will become the underworld's Batman.So he's got to win, he's got to become Batman. He begins entering events, and he's better than anybody; if he entered the regular Olympics, he'd win every event. But this other guy starts beating him. But Batman, until this point was holding back, and

"You can't portray a realistic world without saying there are drugs in it. I mean it is ridiculous."

"Stan is a good representative of comics.He is articulate. I wouldn't say he sounds brilliant or anything, but he is entertaining and he keeps a conversation going."

"The Code too, has loosened up to where there are really very few subjects that still cannot be done."

"Just because I do so many covers doesn't mean I feel I should be doing them."

Pictured above are pencil roughs for one of the issues of the Green Lantern-Green Arrow series.

"But people like Wrightson, Kaluta and Smith- all tremendous talent."

he begins to try harder but still loses the contest to the crook. Now Batman knows that the guy is a phony, as he found some of the special equipment that the guy used to win in his locker. But if he exposes him, he will be exposing himself as the Batman at the same time. He is faced with a real dilemma over what to do. So he goes to the leaders of the gang and says to them:"There's only one guy that could be that great-the Batman!" So they grab this guy and make Batman the Batman.

Now that is a really great story. It puts together the detective and the athlete. You know the guy can do anything and that's the reason we've changed Green Lantern so much. He shouldn't have to depend on the ring because he is really supposed to be good. If he's not that good, he doesnt deserve to be Green Lantern. So we feel that the cutting down of his powers did not affect the sales.

How do you feel about the Code and its restrictions on you?

The code has affected my work very little except in our wanting to do that drug story which the Code finally allowed us to do with their approval anyway. You see things have changed now. Originally, because everyone was raising such a big fuss about the violence and the other controversial subjects covered in the magazines, the companies said:"Look, don't make any trouble and we will establish a self-regulating organization and we will write up the rules." They presented these rulesto congress and everyone else and showed them the wonderful things they were going to do. The publishers paid for this group to be established. And they submitted all their stuff to this group. Now the choice was to do this or possibly to have the government, which was acting very strange at that time during the McCarthy era, come in and say:"We'll tell you what you can and can't do.So, rather than do that, the publishers would rather regulate themselves.Also,at this time the distributors were getting it for carrying the books which were considered bad. Then, when the code books came out they were delighted to carry these Code-approved books, because they would not get any backlash. So they began to take only the Code books and not distribute the other ones. Now the world has changed,and the distributors are not as afraid to handle non-Code material. The Code too,has loosened up to where there are really very few subjects that still cannot be done.

But what about the Lois Lane book, I Am Curious Black, which was Code approved and did not get proper distribution,as some stores would not take it?

Yes, that is true, and can be compared to the situation that occurred in Leonard Starr's On Stage, his newspaper strip. When there was a black character added to the strip,this move influenced two papers to drop the strip,as well as two others to pick it up. There is a theory that states that as many people that will put something down because it offends or disturbs them, there will be an equal amount that will pick it up as they feel something of importance is being covered. That is why it is my opinion that a great variety of topics can be covered in comics and still be financially feasible.

Well, if you went to Carmine and suggested that you do a comic on a controversial topic, such as abortion, etc, and he knew you would get the distribution but not the Code-approval, would he say no, or would it be a power above.him that would not allow it?

He would say no, but he probably wants to do as many things as I do, but they would have to be done in good taste. Carmine wanted to get into drugs as much as anyone,and he believed it was important for us to get into drugs.You can't portray a realistic world without saying that there are drugs in it. I mean it is ridiculous. But as I said,before Carmine

said no to the non-Code drug book, and any other such projects, as the Code has changed greatly in the last couple of years. Stan did a non-Code drug book, but if Marvel had known what changes were taking place he would have never jumped the Code. It was not an attempt to be vicious and buck the Code. Actually, their original intention was to set the wheels in motion with this action. That was independent and then the Code started to change separately and it just all happened at the same time.

For the last while I have been noticing alot more blood in such comics as Conan, etc. Was the section on not having blood changed?

No, there is really nothing in the Code that says you can't have or show blood in the books. What they do indicate in the Code is that you can't have a sword thrust into somebody and in the same panel have it come through his chest, or you can't shoot somebody and have him die in the next panel,but now you'll even see this sort of thing happening.

What about not showing bullet holes in someone's body? Don't you think that that is slightly unrealistic?

What happens if he was hit by a grenade and pieces come out of his body? No, you just do not have to do it. You don't do it in a movie unless you are really trying to be extremely realistic. There is one movie I can recall offhand that did that sort of thing realistically, The Wild Bunch.In the Wild Bunch a guy would fire and a bullet would come out of somebody's back. It wasn't done tastefully at all. It was gory. It was like a whole new experience seeing people die.It looked like people were <u>really</u> dying. Bullets would pop out of their bodies all over the place.A really fantastic effect. You know they would have a guy spin and a guy would shoot him in the back and the bullet would come out of his chest. Now what happened in the audience as far as I could see was that it was an interesting experience that made you sick; they did it so much that you'd say:"Well, okay, enough.I don't want to see any more of it." There is a certain amount of violence that you want to see. After that, well you say:"Okay I've seen it." Once you have seen it,you've had it.It is like any other life experience; something you have not done and something you'd like to do. It is something you have wanted to dofor years and then you do it and it is over.It's one of the things I have done folks. What have you done lately?

At different times in your career you have worked for Marvel and have illustrated some of Stan Lee's scripts.How do you feel about him in general?

Stan is a good representative of comics. He is articulate. I wouldn't say he sounds brilliant or anything,but he is entertaining and he keeps a conversation going.

Is he hard to work with? We have heard that you, as well as Gil Kane, have trouble working for him.

Well, Gil is much happier working for him than I was.It is just that Stan does not have the same priorities as I do.I prefer to work with people that do have the same priorities as me; Roy Thomas does. Roy is brilliant. I didn't put anything in that X-Men strip that Roy Thomas did not take advantage of.

Yes, I liked that strip, and I'm suprised that it did not take off...

As a matter of fact it did. Marvel found that in the end it sold quite well.

Then why was it discontinued?

THE VISION

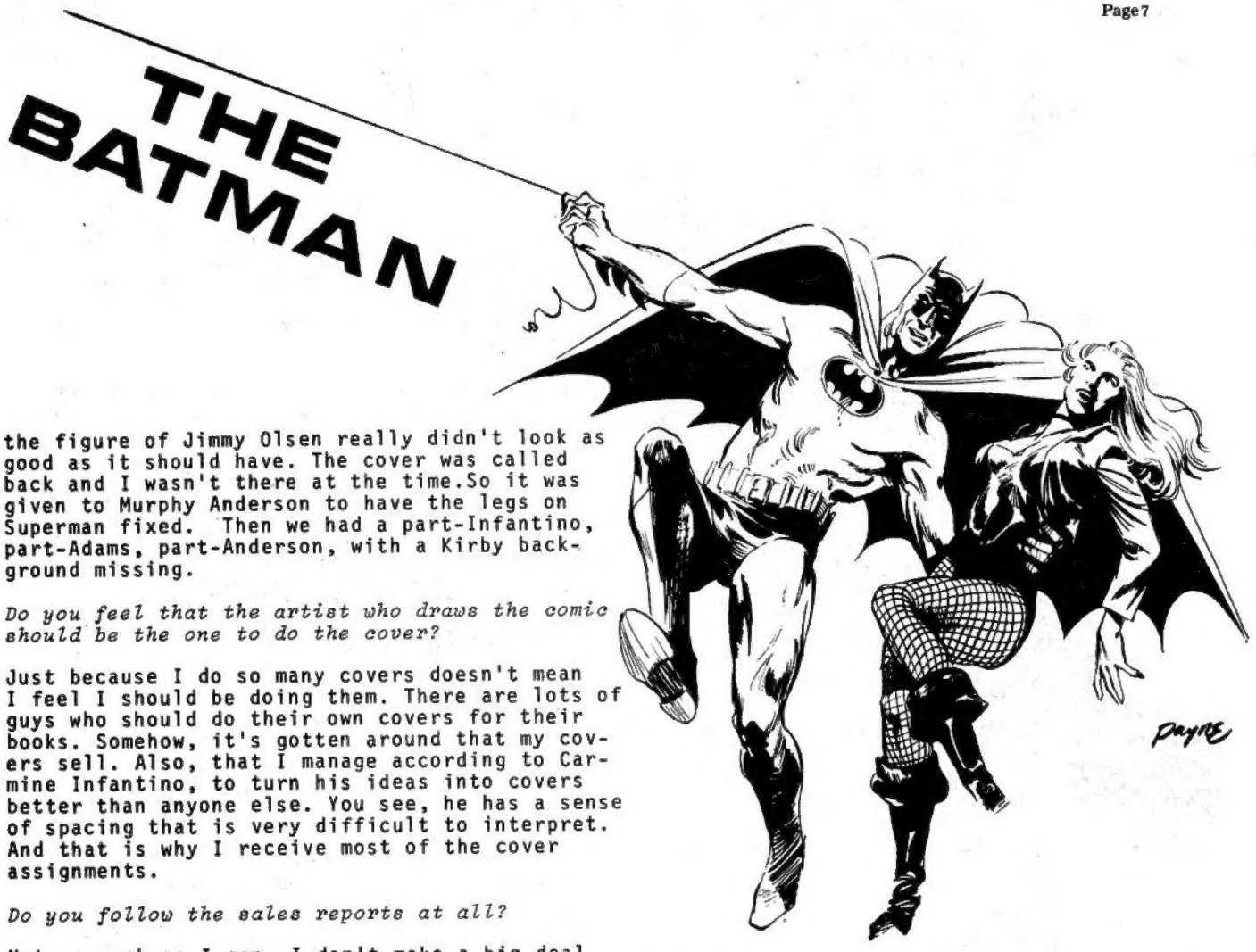
They didn't know. You see they don't get the first figures for at least six months. So the first three or four issues managed to do quite well.The magazine just stayed at its level and then slowly began to rise.

Your covers were not very good until that X-Men/Kazar issue. The cover for that was a knockout.

Yes we got a half-way decent cover on that issue for a change.You see the other covers that were done were not at all that good. Well, I like to have a fair amount of freedom on covers. At Marvel, there are alot of people involved with covers so you can't get the freedom that you want. So I let it go and I just concentrated on the insides.

For the last while you have been doing the majority of the covers on National's books. When you do a cover, is it conceived and drawn by you, or are there many people handling different parts of the cover like at Marvel?

There are some covers that Carmine has laid out. Others I have handled by myself. However, for the most part, Carmine and I discuss the cover before it is done. He has a way of doing things that are very hard to interpret realistically. I think probably that I am able to interpret them better than most guys because I have a certain way of doing it.Though I do most of the covers by myself, I remember one that was done for Jimmy Olsen a while ago [#136]. What started out to be my assignment ended up as a composite of the work of many artists. It began during a conference that I was having with Carmine in his office about that particular cover. He wanted me to do a drawing of Superman showing him being hit by the Green Jimmy Olsen Monster, featured in that issue. The Monster was hitting him in the face and you had to be able to see Superman's face while he was being hit,even though the view was from the side.We were getting all kinds of little sketches and finally out of frustration, we settled on one that I wasn't happy with, but I was very tired. Now what happened after that was I did the cover and inked it overnight which I shouldn't have done. There was all kinds of Jack Kirby background in it. The whole room was destroyed, and Olsen and the Newsboy Legion were in the middle of this mess. Well, after it was coloured it was decided that all of the rubble shouldn't be there because it got in the way of the picture. So half of my work was taken off. Then it was decided that



the figure of Jimmy Olsen really didn't look as good as it should have. The cover was called back and I wasn't there at the time.So it was given to Murphy Anderson to have the legs on Superman fixed. Then we had a part-Infantino, part-Adams, part-Anderson, with a Kirby background missing.

Do you feel that the artist who draws the comic should be the one to do the cover?

Just because I do so many covers doesn't mean I feel I should be doing them. There are lots of guys who should do their own covers for their books. Somehow, it's gotten around that my covers sell. Also, that I manage according to Carmine Infantino, to turn his ideas into covers better than anyone else. You see, he has a sense of spacing that is very difficult to interpret. And that is why I receive most of the cover assignments.

Do you follow the sales reports at all?

Not as much as I can. I don't make a big deal about things like that.

I was just looking at the sales reports in Marvel's and National's books that came out this month. How accurate are those reports?

They don't have a reputation of being extremely accurate.

What is the break-even point on a comic book? Sales of 150,000 copies per issue?

It is not done by numbers.It is done by percentage of print run sold. The break-even point is selling 42-43% of your print run.Everything above that is profit. You want to see a good profit and two or three percent isn't a good profit.

So exactly what <u>is</u> breaking even?

Well, you see there are two kinds of attitudes towards that. There is the break-even figure that you make some money on, and then there is the break-even point where you are just getting by.If your break-even point is 42% and if you make 44% well two percent is not a decent profit for any company who wants to stay in business. You want to sell 45-50% to keep going, and at 60% youre really doing well and can release some new books.

Are there any new things that we can look for from you in the future?

Yes. I am doing a science-fiction book for Marvel, which will be based on War of the Worlds. The thing is Marvel has wanted to do science-fiction for a long time, but it was common knowledge that pure science-fiction has not sold well in the past. This strip is Roy Thomas' and my attempt to finally make a commercially successful science-fiction strip.You see, I grew up on science-fiction. As a kid, I didn't have much money and when I got a dollar or so I would go done to the store and buy back issues of science-fiction magazines. Ever since then, I have wanted my hand at a science-fiction comic book. I have just started with the interiors of the book and it looks pretty good so far.

How do you feel about today's young pros?

We are raising a whole new crop of artists that are interested in working here. The last generation of comic book people don't try anything new. But people like Wrightson, Kaluta, and Smith- all tremendous talent.

ALL STAR COMICS PRAYSENTS
JUGHEAD SASSIES of the U.S.A.
IN
"THE REVENGE OF CAPTION MARVEL"
PSST!
WE GETS 'EM GOOD THIS TIME, GANG!
CAPTION MARVEL BANISHED TO LIMBO BY THE TURF-HOGGIN' JUGHEAD SASSIES YEARS AGO!
HEY, YOU DUDHEADS, SNAP TO! WE GOTTA GET ROLL OVER WIT' SO WE C'N BRAKE F'LUNCH!
PING PONG ANY WONG?
HOW DROLL
BUSTER CRABBE?
HE'S THE ONLY ACTOR THAT COULD DO JUSTICE TO MY STORY..
IL-L
AWRIGHT, GREEN LATRINE, AQUACK, HAWKNOSE, ARROWMAN, FLASHINTHEPAN, BLAH CANARY, ATOMKID, WHEN I CALL Y'NAME, SAY, 'HERE' - SAAY, WHERE IS THAT LI'L' SQUIRT, ATOM?
HMM, SEEMS TO BE AN UNDUE AMOUNT OF ALIEN INFLUENCE IN THIS ORGANIZATION
..HOW DRAB..
SEARCH ME!
HE'S AROUND! HE TENDS TO GET LOST IN THE CRACKS 'N' CREVICES OF OUR SUPER SANITARY SATELLITE!
HOW TRUE
..HOW DREARY..
HIC
WHILE THE J.S.O.T.U.S.A. IS THUSLY INVOLVED, CAPTION MARVEL HAS SENT A TELEPATHIC MESSAGE TO VULCAN, THE THUNDERBOLT THROWER...
LIMBO LAND
THROW A SUPERBOLT AT 'EM VULC!
GOTCHA CAP!
WOW - A GIGANTIC TRANSFORMING THUNDERBOLT SENT FROM THE ROCK OF ETERNITY TO THE SUPERSANITARY SATELLITE!!
BIG BOOM!
OK! GREEN MARVEL?
HERE, HOLY MOLEY!
AQUAMARVEL?
HERE, GEE WHIZ!
MARVELHAWK?
HERE, SUPERMARVEL.
ARROWMARVEL?
HERE...
FLASHMARVEL?
HERE--GOI-OL-LY
CANARY MARVEL?
HERE, TEE HEE.
SUMTINS UP! I CAN FEEL IT!
..HOW D-DRASTIC..
SHEESH! THISH IS POWAHFA SCHTUFF, EH, MICK?
HIC!
HANLEY

A RETURN TO GREATNESS BY Bruce Kalnins

With the introduction of the Fantastic Four in 1961 by Stan Lee, the character of the superhero was revolutionized by the addition of a highly important and natural dimension heretofore sorely lacking in comics history-humanity. Superheroes ceased to become the cold, unfeeling and emotionless beings that they had been for so long; the myth of the Cult of Toughness had been dispelled. Superheroes had always been pictured as ordinary mortals blessed with the gift of either a single power or a collection thereof, which seemingly did not leave any psychological effect upon its possessor. In short, world-saving feats were carried out with as much nonchalance as might be expected from a trip to the local grocery store for a quart of milk. Apparently, these men and women assumed their powers as casually as putting on a coat and once evil had been stopped for that day(or issue) they merely subdued or repressed their extraordinary abilities and slipped back into ordinary life. There was always a clear cut distinction between a superhero's public and private lives; one would never interfere or have an effect upon the other.Superman is probably the epitome of these long portrayed characteristics because he happens to be the ultimate superhero who has (or had?) just about everything going for him. This immobile situation was abruptly changed in issue #233 of Superman, "Superman Breaks Loose."

The humanistic qualities introduced by the early Marvel superheroes was only one of the factors, though, which prompted this drastic change.Recently,"relevancy" has become a key issue in many comics; superheroes can no longer seem to avoid the major social problems of our time. How can children still believe in a Superman battling grotesque outer space monsters or alien invaders when, by simply turning on the television set, they are exposed to a war in Indochina, crime running rampant through the streets, drugs being used with greater and greater frequency and the sight of blacks rotting in ghettoes? Due to our fantastically accelerating society and an unprecedented information explosion, caused partially by our having become part of a "global village" to coin one of Marshall McLuhan's more famous terms, children generally have become more "aware" of the world situation about them and, therefore, find it extremely hard to still relate to the do-gooder deeds of some muscle-bound freak, garbed in a pair of bright orange or purple tights, bounding off of one building to the next. Comics publishers

were now more or less "forced" to become "relevant" due to a steadily declining market, affected in part by the advent of television, that would not accept the mickey-mouse image of the world and of the people in it that had been perpetrated thus far. While there have been some excellent results of this new-found maturity among the comic book writers artists, and editors, there, of course, have been numerous abominations of this sort, solely put out to capitalize upon the theme of "relevance" and exploit it to its crudest level, the only purpose in mind being how to make a fast buck. The Marvel style of characterization has also suffered painfully within the last few years with just about every superhero present undergoing, by now, an almost ritualistic "identity crisis" and with the Thing walking out of the Fantastic Four for the millionth time. Still, leaving these let's-get-rich-quick operations aside for the moment, the important fact to emerge was that a pressure of sorts was beginning to be built up which made the change in Superman, one of the world's oldest established superheroes, inevitable.

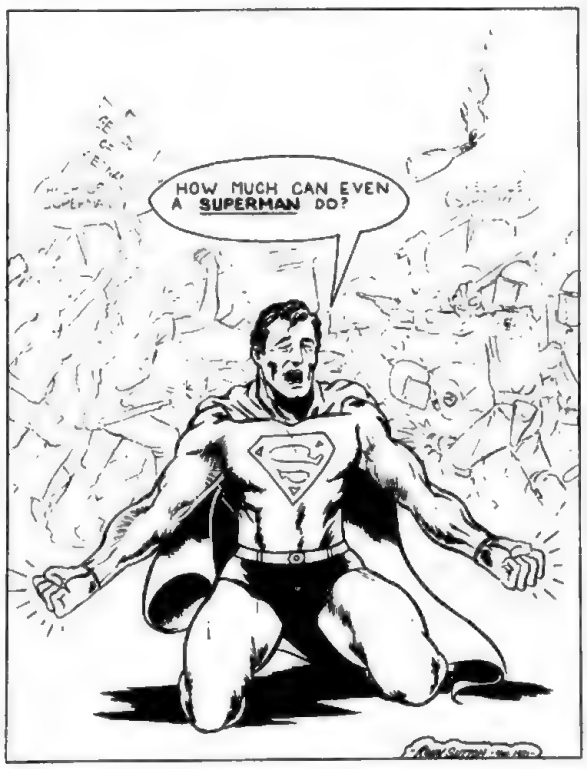
In analysing the new Superman series, I will not attempt to list each and every new physical occurrence within each and every issue, for these changes, I'm sure, are quite apparent to anyone who has been following "The Amazing NEW Adventures of Superman." Issue #233 really did no more than "set the stage"for some of the later developements in the series by introducing Clark Kent's new job as a television newscaster, the transformation of deadly Kryptonite into harmless iron, Morgan Edge, President of the Galaxy Broadcasting System and Top Boss and, most importantly, the appearance of the "sand creature"moulded in the likeness of Superman. A connection between the mysterious creature and Superman's temporary state of weakness, as he guided the two outlaw airplanes towards the airport, was hinted at in the panel on the top of page 14, showing the ominous outline of the figure in the sand in the foreground of the panel, and Superman's musing over his "fainting spell" as he flies over the spot.Besides the much-needed modernistic improvements resulting from these aforementioned changes,a definite sense of foreboding and impending doom was established as the creature lurched towards the horizon at the end of the tale.

Issue #234 opened on a very unexpected and startling note-Superman idly and helplessly watching an exploding volcano as frightened natives fled all about him.Not only was Superman physically helpless in his efforts in "How to Tame a Wild Volcano," but he was also legally helpless to evacuate the threatened natives because of the contract that binds them to Boysie Harker, the island plantation owner. This was an interesting occurrence because it was the first time that Superman was actually shown "confronting" the law and merely having to obey it, just like any other average citizen, even though in this case the law was obviously being manipulated and used by Harker to achieve his own greedy goals. Superman could obviously have ignored the law in effect and whisked the natives off of the island but the point being made that everyone must obey the law, no matter how "rightly" or "wrongly"used it appears to them to be, for if everyone was allowed to arbitrarily decide for themselves if a law was being used "rightly" or "wrongly" and then proceed to obey or disobey that law, as the case may be, absolute chaos would break loose. When a law is characterized as being "rightly"or "wrongly" used, according to each individual person, a value judgement has been made by that person and while the case may be a definite example of a law "wrongly" being used,as in Superman's tangle with Harker, or, more importantly, if a person is convinced his interpretation of the law being used "wrongly" is right and then who would decide? For all his might and power in the world, Superman still could not take the law into his own hands and decide for himself what should be done, for if everyone did just that, as mentioned earlier, absolute chaos would break loose.

MY HOUSE-- JUST LOOK AT IT! THE ROOF IS FALLING IN! BLESS ME A NEW ONE!
GRACIAS, A DIOS YOU HAVE COME HERE! NOW YOU CAN SOLVE ALL OUR PROBLEMS...
EH! FIRST YOU PUT JUNIOR HARLEY IN JAIL--LIKE HE DESERVES!
AND IF YOU RESIST, I'LL ARREST AND ARRESTED EVERY GUARDIAN--LAND! WHAT THEN, SUPERMAN?
WELL--WHEN YOU GONNA TO START, SUPERMAN?
RIGHT NOW! AND WHAT I'M GOING TO DO IS--
NOTHING!
NOTHING AT ALL!

This theme was further expanded in "Must There Be a Superman?", Issue #247, when Superman stated on page 10, "I decide what's right or wrong-and then enforce my decision...by brute strength!" Again the entire question of rights was raised when Superman was helpless to act against Mr. Harley, the boss of a group of Mexican-American peach-pickers in California. By the end of the story, the Guardians had succeeded in planting small seeds of doubt within Superman's mind as to whether or not he always knows what is absolutely "right" or "wrong" for the people of earth. Apparently not even a Superman is the possessor of Truth.
Also Superman began to realize that while he may eliminate such superficial problems as the poor housing conditions in Manuel's village, he could never hope to instill a genuine sense of honour and respect and integrity in the downtrodden and abused villagers; for this was something that must come from themselves. In short, Superman could only help them to help themselves for it is in this direction that mankind's hope and destiny lies.

Return to Greatness...



Planet of the Angels" (Planet of the Apes?) one of the alien law officers said, "Evil comes in many guises...some of these are even beautiful!" and Superman replied, "That's worth remembering! Good-bye..."

Still the story did open with Superman flying away into the night, alone, after he had helped Batman capture a pair of crooks, thinking forlornly over how welcome a good night's sleep would be to a being that never required rest. These brief but refreshing insights into the character of one of the most stoically-minded superheroes of all time are commendable and they certainly help to liven up and excuse the trite plots which serve as the main physical basis of the stories. Perhaps the most dramatic piece of commentary on this entirely new facet of Superman came from him, himself, at the very beginning of "The Shape of Fear" on page 2, after he had just won his hard-fought battle: "I've had a taste of the glory of being normal! To win through determination...courage...to be no more than myself-and no less! For years I've been dreaming of working and living as a plain man-without the responsibilities...the loneliness...of Superman." Within that very same issue, Superman underwent another character change, unfortunately, for the worst, due to a brain injury and began to experience feelings, first of superiority over the "weak" earthlings around him and then feelings of persecution, prompted by paranoia, as he imagined the sand-like creature hating him for his strength, just like everyone else did.

In regards to the general storyline that had been built up since the "first" issue, "The Shape of Fear" and "The Ultimate Battle" more or less served as the dramatic conclusions to everything and tidied up all of the loose ends. One of the most symbolic scenes to appear was the one featuring Superman lying, discarded and senseless, on a junk heap; a fair amount of tension and suspense was established and maintained as the giant Oriental War Demon found his way to the hospital and then invaded it in order to seek out and kill Superman. Near the end of the story, Superman's remorse over the supposed destruction of Earth for his own selfish ends, and the bottom panel on page 21, showing him crying, served to focus upon his humanity once again and also added to the emotional climax of the long struggle. (Incidentally, there was a certain amount of sympathy generated for the sand creature too as he returns to his world, for somehow in his vain efforts to share Superman's soul and body and "be"like him, he reminded us of our feeble aspirations to legendary figures) Finally, Superman was left alone in the forthcoming darkness..."and none can know his thoughts."

Cary Bates replaced Denny O'Neil with the next issue, and, apart from a sexy Neal Adams cover, turned in a thoroughly typical and indistinguishable story entitled "The Starry-Eyed Siren of Space." Denny O'Neil returned with the next issue, featuring "The Electronic Ghost of Metropolis"but even his attempts to inject a bit of humanism into the plot, by portraying the electronic ghost as the "child" of a master computer, seemed only half-impressive compared to his previous efforts, even though Superman was not overly gladdened by his "victory" at the finish.

"Danger-Monster at Work", scripted by Len Wein, leaving aside the obvious exploitation of the pollution theme, produced a remarkably warm human-interest tale by introducing some of Clark Kent's apartment neighbours, ranging from the kindly mother-image of Mrs. Goldstein, overly anxious to have Clark meet her neice Esther, the "singie one", to the ominous, as yet unrevealed figure of Mr. Xavier, Clark's next door neighbour. Again the question of taking the law into your own hands was raised as the rash actions of the apartment dwellers to form a vigilante group and arm themselves ended in a near-tragedy. At the end of the story, in response to Nathan Warbow's comment of "looks like it's gonna be a nice day," Clark uttered a suprising and somewhat pessimistic

answer by stating that it "depends on your point of view" as he strode purposefully into the glowing sunset.

The backup feature of the following issue, "The Private Life of Clark Kent," scripted by Denny O'Neil, was introduced most likely for the specific purpose of bringing out this more human aspect of Clark even more so and it did this admirably, including both the humourous incident of Clark attempting to smoke his first pipe, and the dramatic realization, as he entered the slum area, of exactly how frail and unprotected the average citizen is in regards to the dangerous social forces and their violent manifestations around him.Unfortunately, the tale ended on a highly unrealistic and cliche note, more likely to appease the Code than anything else,I suspect, as Bick and the gang performed an abrupt change of character and decided to try and "make it" in today's society. Thankfully, though, Clark realized by the end of the story that the heavy-handed and "violent tactics" of Superman do not always work or are not always necessary when dealing with such a highly charged and delicate human situation as this one was. "The Private Life of Clark Kent" is definitely a worthwhile feature to continue as is an occasional(regular?) look at the occupants of 344 Clinton Street.

"The Man Who Murdered Earth" by Len Wein really did nothing more than present a human side to Lex Luthor amidst two boring fight scenes with the Galactic Golem and possibly the biggest cop-out of an ending that has yet to be seen i.e. Superman "removing every living thing from the planet." Cary Bates introduced Terra-Man in the next issue and provided a mildly interesting story, stemming mainly from the undisclosed origin and mysterious appearance of Terra-Man than from anything else. The backup feature, "The Origin of Terra-Man", answered most of the puzzling questions regarding this point and only succeeded in rendering the whole endeavour rather nondescript and mediocre.

While not being overly spectacular in any artistic sense and while not being one of my favourite teamups of artists, Curt Swan's and Murphy Anderson's artwork for the most part maintained a very clean and neat style throughout and exhibited an admirable quality of polish and professionalism too. The artwork produced until now has been more than adequate, very enjoyable and they both certainly must be commended for their major contributions in bringing the "new" Superman to life. (Some of those Neal Adams covers ain't bad either!)

In conclusion, Denny O'Neil has stopped scripting the Superman series for now, regrettably, and, apart from a few interesting characterizations by Len Wein, the stories have suffered from a lack of depth, understanding and development so carefully fostered during the opening issues. This is not suprising as sales figures indicate that Action Comics, operating on a juvenile level, is selling remarkably well, whereas sales on the "first" issues of Superman indicated a drop in popularity. Comics are still first and foremost a business and must obey the dictums of business; therefore a reversion to the more simplistic type of story heavy on action was probably ordered. Taking these factors into account though, the Superman of today is now more than ever an example of some of the greatness, glory, and yes, even tragedy that was always associated with the name of Superman.

Postscript

(Because the previous article was completed long before our designated deadline, it does not cover the most recent 4 issues. This postscript was written by Bruce Kalnins, with the intention of updating his article.-Ed.)

If one were to capsulize and condense the major observations and conclusions arrived at within the previous article, perhaps the following statement might serve as an accurate summing up: "Superman isn't exactly the best mag around, but it's a hell of a lot better than it was before." I doubt if anyone could argue with the improved quality of the material being produced today in Superman, but then considering to what an abysmal and silly level the strip had sunk to before, well, the comparison strikes me at best as being somewhat inconsequential. As noted, there did appear to be a marked decline in the level of the story material as the saga of the "new" Superman continued, and as Denny O'Neil was further and further removed from the scripting; I'm sorry to report that this trend has continued with disappointing results.

"Have Horse, Will Fly" (sic) was the followup story to the previous issue's introduction of Terra-Man and, apart from the mildly interesting subplot of the "eccentric" John P. Alstrom, the issue served as a showcase for hokey and pseudo-scientific gadgets, dragged forth by Terra-Man in the form of some western miscellaneous or another, who was billed incidentally, on the previous issue's cover as "Superman's LATEST and GREATEST Foe." The next issue, scripted by Len Wein, "The Island That Invaded the Earth", didn't fare any better as Len unravelled a highly predictable and a highly mundane plot, reminiscent of,and better suited for, I might add, a 1950's Wayne Boring escapade. The final two issues to date, both scripted by Denny O'Neil, and all the more disappointing for that, quite possibly marks the lowest point reached yet in the attempt to rejuvenate Superman with the return of Ferlin Nyxly,

MY FOE'S EXPRESSION NEVER CHANGES! CAN'T TELL IF HE'S SURPRISED TO SEE ME ALIVE... OR JUST ANGERED THAT HE STILL HAS TO KILL ME!
EITHER WAY, HE'S ABOUT TO FIND OUT I'M NO EASY PIGEON!

Pictured above is a panel from Superman No. 249, entitled "Challenge of the Terra-Man", scripted by Cary Bates

This panel is from Superman No. 246, entitled "Danger-Monster at Work", scripted by Len Wein.

LUCKY FOR THE STATION THAT THE MOBILE TRUCK WAS IN THE AREA, COVERING A BEAUTY PAGEANT!
COME TO THINK OF IT, LOIS WAS DOING THAT PAGEANT FOR THE DAILY PLANET--
THAT MEANS I BETTER FLY ALL OUT--BECAUSE IF IT'S POSSIBLE TO GET IN TROUBLE--

This bottom panel is from No. 244 of Superman, "Electric Ghost of Metropolis",scripted by Denny O'Neil.

the cutesy-cutesy subplots involving Billy Anders, reeking of cheap sentimentality and strained violin strings sounding in the distance, and the just plain bad god-awful mess of the invading alien spacecraft. (The only bright spot appeared was Denny's satiric nudge to the now-defunct STAR TREK television series, when, at the beginning of "The Kid Who Stole Superman's Powers," one of the baddie aliens states in regards to their mission: "If I may so, to boldly go where none has gone before.") Even the Private Life of Clark Kent episode appeared to have lost much of its orignal charm by virtue of its ultimately non-existent plotline and shallow characterization.

In conclusion and to repeat: "Superman isn't exactly the best mag around, but it's a hell of a lot better than it was before!"

We wish to thank the following for deferring copyright on any character, photograph, or illustration:

Vaughn Bodé

National Periodical

Marvel Comics Group

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Playboy Magazine

Bill Payne

Bob Inwood

Jim Steranko

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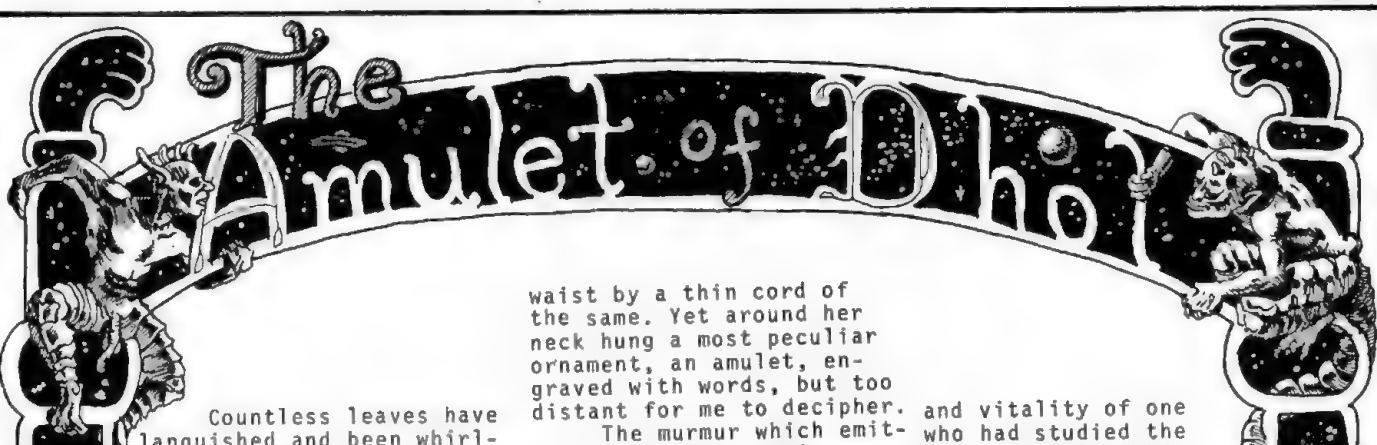
Cosmicon

The Amulet of Dhol



Countless leaves have languished and been whirled away since the last time I saw her. Even then, to describe her was to fabricate, for accurate words did not exist. Yet, it is at my memory's insistence, and my own preference that I remember her as she was that afternoon in the Miskatonic University courtyard, that first time I saw Patricia.

Her hair was of burnt auburn, full and alive, flying behind her in the wind dancing on its currents. The face was set off by the high cheekbones of nobility and her perfect eyes, feline, brown in colour, which sparkled with the radiance of some eternal, inner beauty.

Throat bared to the clavicle, she remained exposed to the elements, her soft silky skin milk-white, yet adorned with flushes of red where the briskness of the day had stirred her. Her figure, in its entirety, was symmetrical; the modest bust, small waist, and full hips consummated as exquisite a female I have ever seen. The calves of her legs, barely visible below the hemline of her dress, were smoothly rounded to meet fragile ankles above her soft brown leather sandals.

As she was without a coat, for the chill was superficial, the whole of her clothing was visible. Her dress was of a soft material somewhat akin to velvet, belted at the waist by a thin cord of the same. Yet around her neck hung a most peculiar ornament, an amulet, engraved with words, but too distant for me to decipher.

The murmur which emitted from the several cliques which had formed in the yard during the morning had halted at Patricia's entrance, yet as she passed it quickly resumed, the discourse centred around her. It was not long before the entire assembly knew that she was in some way related to Matthew Fenner, the new professor from Innsmouth who had come to replace Enoch Birch, who had mysteriously vanished on one of his many into the forests of Dunwich. Patricia had accompanied Fenner, and had enrolled as a student for the first semester.

Miskatonic University was not, and no doubt still isn't, an institute for the ordinary scholar. Its courses, always frowned upon by the Massachusetts State Educational Authority, involved further studies in subjects of the bizzare and the praeternatural: medieval metaphysics, daemonology, and historical witchcraft, a subject dear to many of the inhabitants of nearby Arkham. My own course selection, and as I was soon to find Patricia's, revolved around the theme of theology, yet of a highly irregular fashion. Mine was the study of Cthulhu, Hastur, Nosutt, and of all the Old Ones who had roamed the Earth untold aeons ago. Fenner taught the course with the authority and vitality of one who had studied the Old Ones all of his life. His lectures became increasingly fascinating and time-consuming, yet I never allowed myself to miss one. He was the able teacher, and I the willing student.

The professor had the appearance of the worn, middle-aged man so often described in novels. Like so many others, yet so unlike anyone, the professor was a man of eccentricities, the most common of which was his rambling on into some other world during a lecture; recounting some bizzare event from out of the past.

His white hair was frazzled at the ends, making for a dishevelled appearance most of the time. His coat bulged where he had hurriedly stuffed some hastily scribbled notes. I cannot remember one class when the professor did not wear that coat. Most of the time it half-concealed a tie, more often covering food stains than not.

The professor, despite his confessed age of sixty-seven, appeared much older in his facial appearance. The skin, wrinkled years more than

DAVID RUBIN

-INWOOD '72-

would seem natural, reflected the burden which Fenner carried for so long,the burden that was to remain a secret and a mystery to us all for some time to come.

I soon learned of all the Old Ones, banished from Earth because they practised the Black Arts. I learned of Shaggai,and of Yog-Sohoth, where they wait to reclaim their world.They still speak to men, as we were told by the professor, coming to them in their dreams,leaving the sacred planes of Dylath-Leen and Celephais, to enter the portals of the human psyche.

I learned of the "crawling chaos," Nyarlothotep, and of the "blind idiot god," Azathoth, who "bubbles and blasphemes at the centre of the universe." I learned of the Deep Ones, and of the Riders of the Air; of the wrath of Inaga and Srutlhea. And I learned of the once-mortals, who, in their insatiable curiosity,sought out the Old Ones,and found them:

Richard Upton Pickman,*artiste extraordinaire*, found, in his short life on Earth,a way to unlock the Gate of Deep Slumber,which secures us from the netherworlds of the unknown.Painter of pictures, his creations were abhorring scenes of confrontations between Ghoul and Man.Through the mystic gate he brought forth the realism he desired to perfect his paintings;horrors unspeakable to pose for him! Then, without a trace,he vanished; some say down the Seven Hundred Steps to the Palace of Phalanx, where he still exists as one of the creatures he once portrayed on canvas. Still others daren't whisper about his grisly fate.

And what of Randolph Carter? He lived to tell about his travels to Ulthar,where he aided the cats in their wars against the pnalsks. Yet he chose to return to the Silver City, to scale Kadath's peaks, in search of the master of all things, Cthulhu.

And what of Erich Zann and Robert Blake, of Uriah Henley and Zeke Wentworth, whose brushes with horror have left no clue of their deaths?

Keen as I was to learn, the professor's lectures asked much and explained little.After classes, several students, Horace Whately,the other member of the faculty who was involved in the same course as Fenner,and I would stay behind and engage in furious discussions and occasional arguments with Professor Fenner.It was from this fount that we drew our knowledge,heightened further by the professor's extraordinary enthusiasm in explaining all he knew and relating all he had seen.

On one such occasion, as time grew late, the professor,in his awkward preparation to return home for the evening, invited three students and myself to dine at his home the following Tuesday.Graciously, we accepted his invitation.But not before a mutual glance told us all that would at least be able to view the library of forbidden tomes of which the professor so often spoke of.

The days were spent for me in a semi-daydream, imagining always the elaborate volumes which were the written record of the purest evil.Yet hanging over me always was a constant foreboding. Something evil was soon to be encountered.From within my own soul,or perhaps from beyond. I was to find that out too soon for my own liking.

The days passed quickly,and the fever anticipation mounted in us.Then, on the Tuesday afternoon, we drove the two-hour route to the Fenners' Innsmouth home in Asaph Sawyer's car.Innsmouth is approximately forty-five miles from Arkham,and the University, but the roads were slow and hazardous because of the summer rains which had not as yet been exhausted.

The Fenners' home was like any of a hundred that you might pass when driving along the backroads of New England.Most were erected in the early 1800's when southern Massachusetts underwent an almost unheard of population upsurge.The entire countryside had not been as populated since the 1600's,before the mass executions of alleged witches decimated the population.The house itself was almost a smaller version of the English Manor house,

The gambrel roof was the plate which the shadows from the menacing titan elms gazed at.Upon closer inspection of the house we were met at the large oak doors by the professor, and led into an elaborately decorated hallway. Magnificent paintings in intricately guilded frames hung along the entire length of the corridor. As I walked along,anxious to view the ancient volumes,I didn't pay diligent attention to the art which hung around me,although I did feel that it was watching me.Yet I am almost certain, no positive that one of the paintings, a nocturnal scene, was signed Pickman in the lower right corner of the canvas!

Up until this time,Patricia had remained out of sight,but appeared now from out of one of the numerous rooms in the house.Lovely as ever,like one of the many pictures she was surrounded by,she was clothed in a dark green gown which left her shoulders bare.Still,she wore an amulet which I recognized as being the same one she wore when I first saw her. With all the gracefulness of an accomplished hostess,she ushered us into the library.

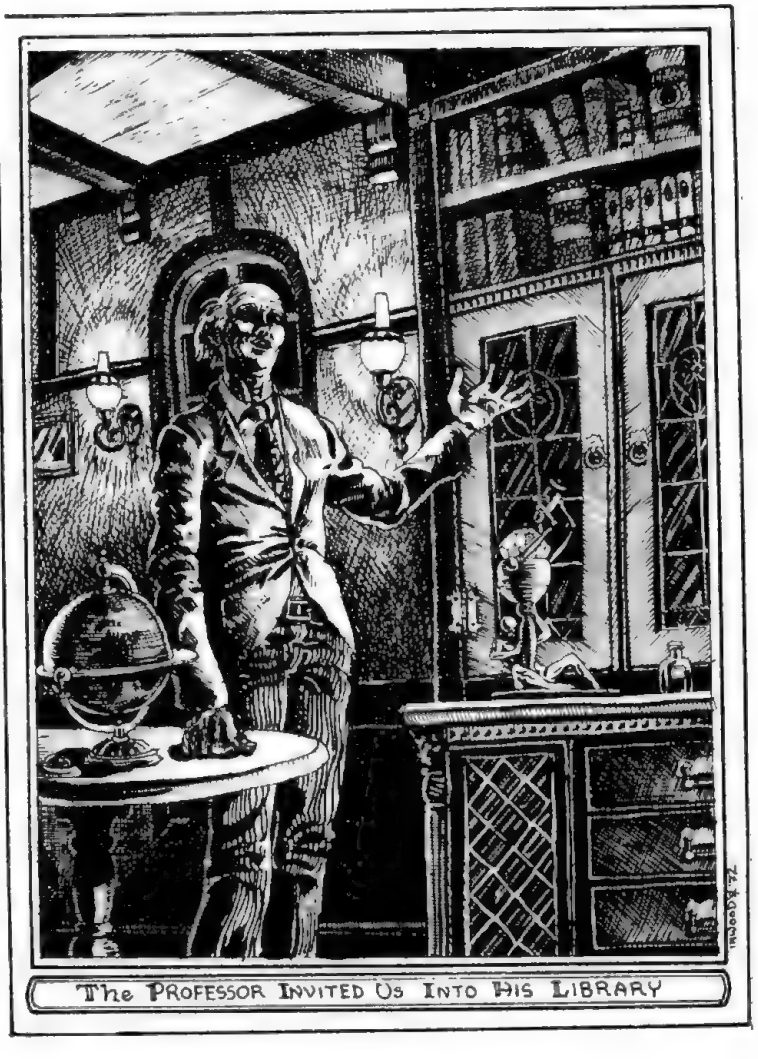
The immediate attraction of the room was a large portrait which hung over the old charred-stone fireplace.It was of neither the professor nor Patricia, but of another man, middle-aged,well-dressed, of obvious dignity. The professor,spotting our fascination with the strange resident in oils explained that it was of Charles Dexter Ward, who had been burned as a witch in Innsmouth two hunred years previously.The Fenners had bought the house when they moved to Innsmouth, twenty-five years ago,the first people to occupy it since Ward was burned alive just outside this his own home. The purchase was not made without constant warnings of unearthly disturbances.

Soon, however, the interest subsided, and our eyes, like eight precise jewelled parts of a timepiece, turned towards the looming shelves of books. Occupying the entire east wall of the library, the books appeared to be stratified by size, the tallest at the peak of the seven levels. The books themselves were noticeably worn, their covers were faded and often minus small sections. The greens had darkened somewhat, as grass does in the fall,the reds like some monotonous river, appeared lighter and darker in areas,as my eyes scanned row after row.

The first title which captured my gaze was the Necronomicon, the hideous blasphemy recorded by the mad Arab,Abdul Alhazred, in sixteen hundred forty seven.The book was virtually solitary on its plateau, second from the top. Turned face outwards, the cover design was easily discernible.The elaborate cuttings of mystical vestiges were now smoothed and indecipherable.The covering itself was of a soft leather hide,brown in some spots, but an aged yellow in most. Apparently, the treatise had been specially ordered, for in the bottom left corner, the name Fenner was barely visible.

My colleagues immediately started for the Necronomicon, in hopes of losing themselves in the pages amongst the hand-coloured diagrams of exorcism, and daemonic conjuring.My eyes,however, continued to wander,meandering up and then down, left,and then right.As I flew past the various titles, the words and imagery of Fenner's lectures all came back, the mind-boggling inuendoes of the knowledge contained in these books hovering in my brain. The R'lyeh Testaments, written by the gods themselves, the Pnakotic Manuscript, allegedly stored on the summits of Kadath,the book of Dzyan,the Cultes des Goules, and the Unaussprechlichen Kulten, all were there, all were real.

Page after page retold horror after horror, recounting a history of evil, from before even a conception of Man incomplete even until now.I read how the Elder Gods,who lived on Betelguese, a far and unreachable star, had expelled the Old Ones, for their practising Black Magic.The Elder Gods, more powerful than any concept of Jehovah, who control the order of Destiny.



The PROFESSOR INVITED US INTO HIS LIBRARY

"...We were interrupted by an abominable scream from beneath us!"

There appeared on one shelf, to be a volume absent.There was no dust in between the Book of Eibon, and De Vermis Mysteriis, as there was at the ends of each row, which suggested that the book had been removed recently.No doubt the professor had been doing some research and we all knew that neatness was notone of his virtues.

Eventually, we were all able to regain some of our composure, and while still babbling back and forth to one another about the treasures in the next room,we accompanied the professor into the dining room for dinner.The absence of Patricia from our table went unnoticed in the midst of our excitement. She was not a good student and did not have the same drive and desire to examine the books as the rest of us.

The table was another example of the antiquarian household which comprised the entire interior of the Fenners's spacious residence. Longer than most tables, it seemed to suggest that either the table had been there previous to their purchase, or that the Fenners had been given to entertaining sometime in the lost youth of the professor's memory.

Partway through the first course of the meal we were interrupted by an abominable scream from the cellar beneath us.Hastily, we made our way to the basement, led by the professor.Upon opening the door to the cellar, we were stunned by the horrid tableau at the bottom of the stairs.

I could make out Patricia's form in the feeble light which emanated from the few candles placed strategically on the floor. She wore a long, white,robe, her own shroud, her hair undone,and tears searing her cheeks, which glowed scarlet in the darkness. The amulet, which she still wore around her neck, seemed incandescent, the inscription outlined in a purplish aura.She was kneeling in a circle which enclosed the mystic pentagram, the five points of the unholy star each covered with a black candle.Before her was an altar on which crouched a yellowish blasphemy, too despicably loathsome to describe.Suffice it to say that it was a beast; half-ghoul, half-lizard, which was translucent, as if in some adjacent dimension.Patricia's hands were two lumps of crushed flesh;blood and bile oozing over the side of

the altar. There, on top of the cursed stone, was the book which was removed from the library- the notorious Dhol Chants, used in the conjuring and banishing of the Old Ones and their servants of Shaggai. Scratchedly visible on the ancient cover was a likeness of the same amulet which now hung around Patricia's neck.

The nauseating silence which had filled the room was shattered by the sardonic cackling from the semi-corporeal which continually seemed of more essence. Echoing the abomination Fenner burst out with an abhorring shriek, lunged towards Patricia, and tore the amulet from her neck. In moments, any semblance of life she had vanished and she lay before us a pile of decadent flesh, writhing, seemingly melting at our feet. Through our tears of disgust, sorrow, and fear, we could see the nothingness that once was Patricia-all gone except a putrid odour; and Professor Fenner kneeling and screaming where Patricia had once been, his tears sizzling on the acidity of whatever matter was left. The manifestation on the altar, too, was gone, and the aura of evil lifted from the room.

It was several hours later when the professor was calm enough to speak sensibly, much of which time was spent examining the Dhol Chants. In due course, however, the professor offered to explain to us what had happened down in the cellar; what had happened to Patricia, and the thing on the altar.

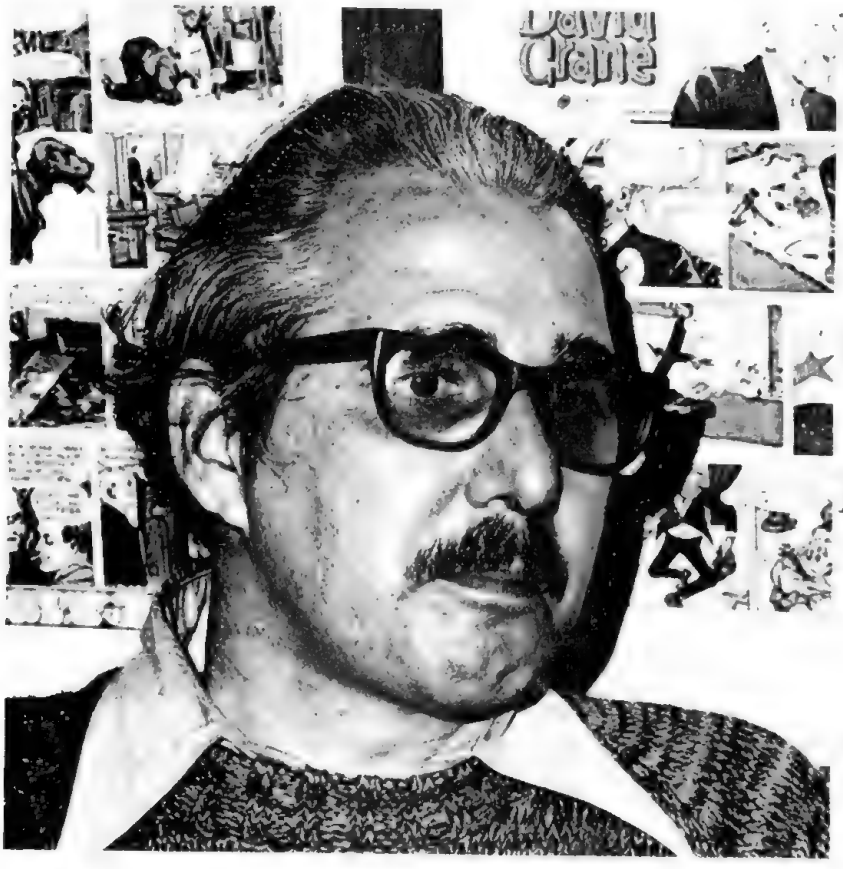
The professor had purchased the Dhol Chants in a small collector's bookstore in Springfield, in the unquenchable enthusiasm of his youth. After having spent many long hours absorbed in the Latin Treatises, the professor came upon the formula for eternal youth, long-sought by men. With the aid of the Dhol Chants and the amulet, which he obtained through great expense, Professor Fenner was able to entice the great god of immortality and eternal youth, Bai-Rl, into granting this awesome gift to Patricia. Bai-Rl agreed, as he was obligated to do by the Dhol incantations, on the condition that Patricia wear the amulet of Dhol always. If she ever removed it, she would age the time of her new youth immediately. The bargain was struck.

Quite by chance, however, after one of our discussions, the professor was checking out a point of disagreement in the Chants, when he discovered that Bai-Rl used the mortal bodies of those he granted eternal youth as a doorway for his unholy legions into the world of men. Fenner realized the same fate was planned for Patricia, and so on that fatal night, he instructed her to return to the basement, and recite a certain chant from the mystic book. The chant would retract any desire for eternal youth, and together the recitation of this prayer, and the removal of the amulet, would free her from this grisly fate.

The recitation alone caused Patricia to begin her long-halted aging process, and the pain from the vast transformation resulted in the scream we had heard at the supper table. The professor, in his compassion and love for Patricia, removed the amulet, hoping thereby to quicken the change, and spare her any further pain. Immediately, Patricia turned into the crawling mass of distorted flesh before our eyes and vanished, seemingly inexplicably.

Yet, when Bai-Rl granted Patricia eternal youth, he removed her natural life force which causes us to age. Normally, Patricia would have been forty-five years old if she had lived through the period of her youth. But she aged mormally, as if in the grave, for you see- *Patricia had been dead those twenty-five years!*

"Welcome to Yesterday"



PROFILE:

Captain George Henderson

TRANSCRIBED BY MARK SIGAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TERRY REIBER
ROBERT LIPSON

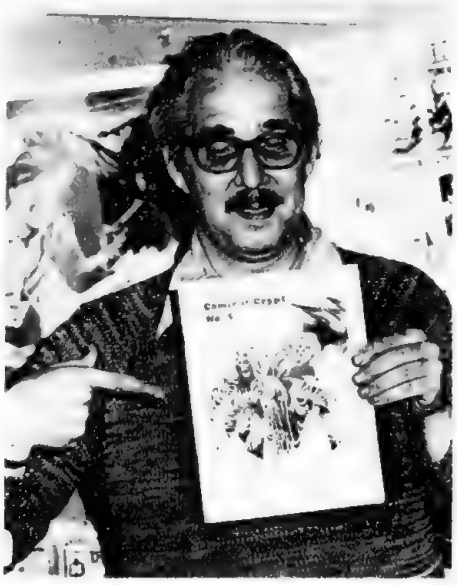
Captain George Henderson, well-known for his Captain George's Whizzbang and Comic World and his Memory Lane in Toronto, and most recently of the Whizzbang Gallery gave this interview to Comic and Crypt immediately after his decision to close the Gallery. George, in this interview, speaks his mind about comics, the Gallery, and fandom in general.

The first thing I'd like to discuss with you is your early life and what led to your opening of Memory Lane.

GH: Basically, I'm an Ontario man. I was born in Stratford in 1929..."very old." I spent all of two days in Stratford, and then our family moved to Montreal, and there I lived until I was nineteen. Then I joined the army and I stayed in for twelve years, spending time in Korea, then moving around to Germany,Indochina and things like that. After I got out of the army, one of the first jobs I got was being a trucker; I hated it. I thought: "There must be a better way of doing things," and one day I just walked out at lunch hour. For about six months, I didn't do anything; then one day I was digging through my old stuff and I found a manuscript I had written while I was in the army. We'll call it a "dirty" book, even though by today's standards, it wasn't even slightly pornographic. I decided to try to get this manuscript published. Anyways, after many rejections slips, the book got accepted by one of these fellows who shall we say published semi-porno. I spent three years writing so-called "dirty" books, turning out fifty thousand words every two weeks. That was too much. I formed a mental block; I found I just couldn't write the stuff, so I quit and moved to Toronto. I looked around and decided to open up a bookstore. One of the things I put in there was comics, and that's how it all started.

Even though the Gallery has now been closed, tell us about how you got the idea for it, and what were you planning for it to become in the future?

The idea for the Gallery came to me when I heard about the display of comic art in the Louvre. I thought: "My God, somebody's treating comics with respect. Wouldn't it be great if someone else opened a gallery where only comic art was displayed?" Now remember, where we're situated, here on Markham, that this is an artist's street. All around us there are art studios and there are a couple of galleries. So I rented this place for a very



reasonable rate from Ed Mirvish. The Main idea of the gallery is to give the talent here in Toronto the chance that they deserve. A lot of them will not have their work published and this would give people like them the chance to come in and put on a display in what is a legitmate gallery. The problem is anything has to pay for itself; the Whizzbang Gallery hasn't made one cent since it has been opened in the last six months.

How do you see your role in relation to the comics media?

I'm basically what's known as a resources person and a media person. A media person is basically this: the newspapers, magazines, T.V. stations & radio have a certain appetite for personalities that you usually can't meet. Harold Town is an artist, not a great one, but he is popular because he is a media personality; I am his equivalent in comics. What happens is for example, a T.V. station would like to do an item on comics. So they come to me, and the same goes for the papers and all the rest. This is basically what it is. I try to help fans promote themselves. I don't know what you would call it-a public relations man?

Tell us about your involvement in fanzines What were your plans for Comic World?

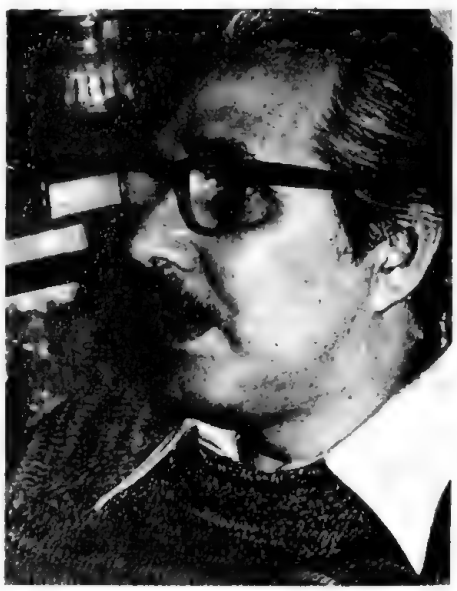
Comic World, which was later changed to Captain George Presents was initially planned to run for two hundred issues. I felt that in two hundred issues of thirty-two pages each, I could cover the whole history of comics. Forty-six issues were completed, and then I was stopped by King Features. I'll be quite honest: it was a known fact that I was producing an underground paper as I was ripping off the establishment by printing their copyrighted material without asking permission. King Features saw Howard Rogofsky's price list and it listed the King Features issues of my Captain George's Presents for $20.00 each. They then came to the conclusion that I as well was charging $20.00 for the publications. They immediately instigated a lawsuit against me which they brought to the superior court nere in Ontario. I appeared in court seven times, and for a period of six months I was harassed by private investigators. In the end, thirty thousand copies of my publication were seized by King Features' agents and then sent away to be burned. Now not only were these publications seized from me at an enormous cost, as I virtually lost my complete printing bill, but I was fined a total of 3300 dollars. As a result of King Features I went into personal bankruptcy six months ago. I have a fanzine coming out called the Whizzbang Gallery presents Frank Frazetta. This is really sad; since the Gallery is closing, this is the first as well as last issue. It's at the printer now and if it's a success, I'll do more. But I'll tell you, from now on I'm going to be very careful about copyrights.

The word has gotten out that you are doing scripts for Warren. What's happening there?

Yes. I have already completed six or seven stories for Warren. When I first started, I had no idea what a Warren script should look like, but I did have a few plot ideas. So I sent them to John Cochran. He accepted the plots, and he sent me an Archie Goodwin script for reference. An interesting thing in Warren's scripts is that the writer puts in a lot of the background detail. The writer does a lot of creating and the artist translates. I really enjoy putting in the background information and this device helps my stories quite a bit. Let me illustrate: In one of my stories there is a scene where there is a dancer on stage. Instead of just having her dancing on an ordinary stage, I conceived the stage as a monster's head, with the girl dancing inside its mouth.

Are you trying to do anything different or special with these stories?

Basically, yes. What I have done is brought back old English stories, classics I call them, and spruce them up. These stories were filled with great ideas, but the style of writing was deadly. At times, I expressed my own philosophy within the stories. I have also instituted a one-page fight scene in each of my stories to give the reader his fill of action. Everybody knows the fight scene is the best part. Although I am trying to write these stories in an adult-slanted manner, I find myself asking: "Will the kids like it?"



CAPTAIN GEORGE continued

You have been reading comics for a long time. How do you feel about the comics medium, where it is and where it's going?

I like a lot of the things that are being done in comics today. I have a few criticisms of Marvel's Conan but it is still a very fine publication. Then you turn around and you see something like Kubert's Tarzan and all at once you know that a strip like this has added a whole new dimension to a character you once thought was dead. But at the moment, Marvel is doing a lot of experimenting. If Marvel handles Doc Savage and the Shadow in the manner they treated Conan, then I think you will have two of the best damn comics around. I think the problem with the comic industry at the moment is there aren't enough comic companies. It's too bad Tower had to go under and Skywald had to discontinue their comics line. Dammit, I wish some new companies would come into the field and force some new and different things from the established companies. There is Neal Adams who is going to be doing War of the Worlds. I can't wait for it. Maybe more adaptions of established stories is what the comic industry needs.

As for the undergrounds, what are your opinions on them?

Now the undergrounds are important. Everybody is concious of the undergrounds. In my store, even though I have tried to get the undergrounds, I couldn't because of a customs problem. Every day ten of fifteen people come into the store and ask where the Zap, where the Freak Brothers are, etc. Their impact is so great with their small print runs,just imagine what would happen if the print run was increased to two hundred thousand and national distribution was realized. Even though at this time there are many blocks in the path of national distribution for undergrounds. If it ever was achieved the possibilities seem enormous. You must also remember that there are a lot of underground comics running today in places that are not underground publications. I'm thinking of Swank, Cavalier, and Playboy. Little Annie Fannie is an underground comic, and so is that stuff being done by Jones, Wrightson, and Bode. And what of Robert Crumb? Are you aware that he is passe? The word out now is that Robert Crumb has sold out to the establishment. And Bob, if you're out there now reading this, I'm really sorry. As you know, Crumb's movie, Fritz the Cat, has been released based on his own character. Also the two Ballantine books reprinting his work. Eventually, I feel that the undergrounds will become accepted by society and slowly fade out. This can be seen slowly happening to the books of today. Once the novelty wears off I think the saleability will fall off.

What about Vaughn Bodé?

Vaughn Bodé. He is probably one of the nicest guys around. For years he would do work for any fanzine free, until it no longer interested fans to see his work. But then, he turned professional and he started doing only a few pages of work a month-really gorgeous work. His popularity rose, and he is now very well known. His work is brilliant but it is not varied enough and I find myself becoming bored of his work.

Earlier in the interview we were discussing comics and what's being done now but we never got your views on what you think should happen in the future to comics.

I think it's time for comics to turn slick. I know Marvel and DC have experimented with their so-called adult comics. I think the slick format should happen to the whole industry. If you go to foreign countries, France for example, you will find the comics slickly produced and I believe read by a fairly large portion of adults. Two examples that come to mind are Tin Tin and Pilote.

What are your plans for the future?

A couple of honest answers. Financially the Gallery is taking money away that I could be spending on publishing, and frankly things have happened that have made me close the Gallery. It comes down to publishing or having the Gallery and frankly I'd rather publish. I have a lot of plans. I have some excellent European artists who have sent me their material for publishing. But first, it must be translated and relettered. What I would like to do if possible is have somebody like Gray Morrow or Rich Corben to combine with me on a small-scale doing an adult comic. In the future if things change for the better, what I want to do is have a gallery, a store, a museum, and a theatre all in one location. It means a house. This is what I'm heading for in the future.

VINCENT MARCHESANO '72

INSIDE KING KONG

Don Daynard

I recently obtained a Xerox copy of the shooting script for the 1933 RKO thriller *King Kong* and it would appear to be a first draft-in other words, the script as originally conceived by Merian C. Cooper and Edgar Wallace, not the script which was eventually shot as written by Ruth Rose and James Creelman. There are a number of sequences in the film and as *Kong* has become, over the years, a genuine classic, reviewed, revived, analyzed, revered and constantly listed as one of the all-time greats, I assume that there are many film fans who would be interested in the footage which did not appear almost forty years ago. The long censored footage, recently restored by Janus Films (who own the rights to *King Kong* now), has been discussed at length in *Esquire* and *Captain George's Whizzbang*, so I thought for *Comic & Crypt* I would recreate portions of some of the pages from the script which might prove engrossing to viewers of *King Kong* today.

The original idea for the film was conceived in 1931 by Merian C. Cooper and was presented to David and Myron Selznick with story treatments that same year. Edgar Wallace was under contract to RKO at the time and he wrote an early version of the scenario from Cooper's idea. It is this treatment, I believe, which is currently being peddled by various collectors. The final

shooting script was eventually written by Creelman and Rose and the novelization of the story came after the death of Wallace, on February 10th, 1932 after a 3 day bout of pneumonia. The transfer to story form was done by Delos W. Lovelace.

Cooper directed most of the jungle footage; the film was shot on some of the same sets built for the long-unseen thriller, *The Most Dangerous Game*, either at night or the next day. In the script itself, the directions appear as follows:

DISSOVE IN on the exterior of a bank, leading, in the background down into a hollow filled with fog. The men come in from camera left and look down. (Use fog hollow set from *Most Dangerous Game*).

Special effects used miniatures, rear projection of live actors blended with miniature sets, multiple printing, matte and glass shots, large rear projection and a full scale bust and hand of Kong used alone or in combination with Willis O'Brien's animated models of Kong and the other beasts.

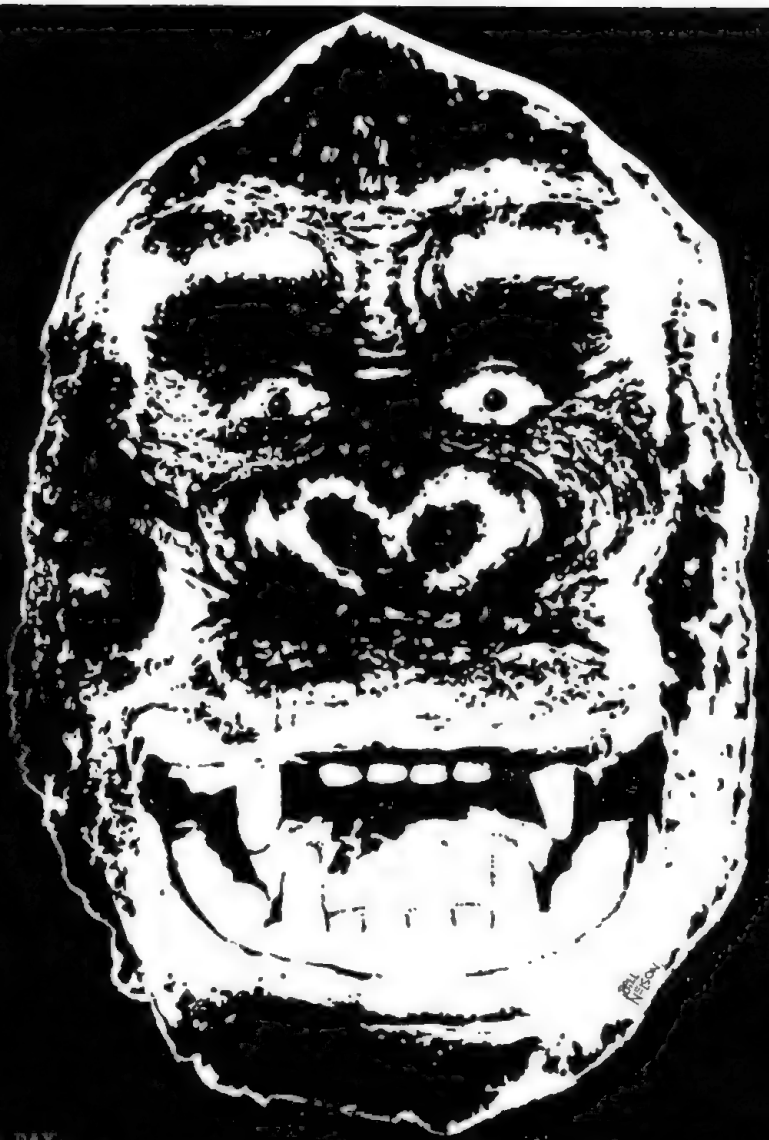
To give you an idea of the difference between scripts, the following is purported to be from the shooting script of *King Kong:*

FADE IN on a general view of Skull Island, at dawn, with the bridge of the ship in the foreground. Captain Englehorn is leaning over the rail looking out at the grandeur of the spectacle. Sea and jungle are still in purple shadow.But high above, the east has drenched the mountains in the glory of its burning. One by one the columnar peaks of snow are kindling downward, chasm by chasm, each in itself a new morning; white glaciers blaze their winding paths like fiery serpents; long avalanches cast down keen streams, brighter than lightning, each sending its tribute of driven snow, like altar smoke, to the heavens. The rose light of the silent domes flushes that heaven about them until the whole sky, one scarlet canopy, is interwoven with a roof of waving flame and tossing vault beyond vault,as with the drifted wings of many companies of angels.

The point being, no such description appears in the copy of the script I have and in fact, the arrival at Skull Island is not even indicated photographically!! Who wrote the flowery sequence above is not known to me, but it must exist, as it is quoted in the text of Kenneth MacGowan's book,"*Behind the Screen.*"

Now, slightly edited for reasons of space, the most famous of the long-censored scenes from *Kong* which have not been restored and which few film buffs have ever seen. Indeed, proof that they ever existed was long in doubt until *Famous Monsters* printed a double page spread of one of the sequences which showed that the footage had been shot and was available. Of course, I'm speaking of the ravine sequences where the sailors are devoured by huge lizards and spiders. Here is how it looks in the script:

EXT. LOG. SHOT DAY.
The men on the log with Kong shaking it, from the original angle. Two fall off.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM FULL SHOT
The men fall to the bottom of the ravine. It is very deep, with mud and slime at the bottom. Caves and fissures in the rock lie at the sides of the mud.
EXT. RAV. MED SHOT. DAY.
The men land in the mud.



EXT. LOG. FULL SHOT. DAY.
Kong, from the original angle, reaches for the men remaining on the log, trying to sieze them with his hand. The man he reaches for drops flat, ducking his grasp.
EXT. LOG. SEMI CLOSE UP DAY.
Kong roars at them.
EXT. LOG. FULL SHOT. DAY.
Kong, from the original angle, rocks the log. A man falls off.
EXT. LOG. LONG SHOT DAY.
The side angle with the last man hanging on to the log. Kong lifts the log and drops it into the ravine. No horned beasts here.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. DAY.
The log and the man fall to the ravine bottom.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. LONG SHOT. DAY.
The men at the bottom of the ravine are attacked by giant insects who come out of caves and fissures to eat them.
EXT.RAVINE BOTTOM. CLOSE UP. DAY.
The suprised face of a sailor lying in the mud as he sees this.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. CLOSE UP.DAY.
Face of another sailor staring up in horror from the mud.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. CLOSE UP. DAY.
Face of a third sailor in the mud, horrified as he sees---
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. MEDIUM SHOT. DAY.
An insect with octupus arms takes a man.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. SEMI CLOSE UP. DAY.
Its arms wind around the struggling man.
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. SEMI CLOSE UP. DAY.
Two men on their backs staring up at a spider who attacks them (Projection).
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. CLOSE UP. DAY.
The face of a fourth sailor, fallen in the mud, staring in horror as he sees---
EXT. RAVINE BOTTOM. FULL SHOT. DAY.
A giant lizard takes a man.

The next bit of footage which may or may not have been filmed comes about after Jack and Ann leap from the cliff to escape Kong and are shot down the rapids. This appears in the novelization of the script and is effective, but does not show up in any pripts now available of the film.

INT. TRAIL. FULL SHOT. NIGHT.

KING KONG

Driscoll takes the only means to escape possible. He is on the inner edge of the lair, overlooking the subterranean pool. Seizing the girl about the waist, he dives off with her, just in time to avoid Kong's grasp.
INT. CAVERN POOL. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. They land in the pool and come up. This is a shot of surface of pool.
INT. TRAIL. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. Kong rushes down the trail after them.
INT. CAVERN. GENERAL VIEW. NIGHT. Kong, at edge of the pool. He tries to reach them as they swim towards the orifice.
INT. CAVERN POOL. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. His great hand just misses them in the water. They dive. He reaches for them again.
INT. TANK. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. UNDERWATER SHOT as his hand tries to seize them.
INT. CAVERN POOL-FULL SHOT. MINIAT. The subterranean outlet, through which the water pours out in a waterfall to the mountain side without. They come up just in time to be sucked through it. (Miniature figs.)
EXT. WATERFALL. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. They are seen going over the waterfall as it pours out of the mountain. They are swept down the torrents below. (Miniature figs.)
EXT. CAVERN. GENERAL VIEW. NIGHT. Kong roars furiously. He rushes out through the entrance.
EXT. RAPIDS. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. The boy and girl are swept down rapids.
EXT. FISSURE. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. Kong comes out of the fissure and starts down over the edge of the cliff.
EXT. TORRENT. FULL SHOT. NIGHT. Driscoll pulls the girl ashore. He helps her out, supporting her. They disappear into the jungle. FADE OUT.

After this sequence, Ann and Jack arrive back at the village which in turn is visited by Kong who destroys a good deal of it. However, he's incapacitated by the gas bombs and brought back to New York by Denham and his men. There, he is put on show and eventually breaks loose and from then on, the film rushes on towards the famous climax atop the Empire State Building. One familiar sequence-where Kong destroys the elevated train-is not in the script I have. But there are a couple which are kind of fun; one may not have been shot but the second shown here was and for years was censored from all existing prints of the film. The first looks like this:

KONG outside hotel.
A woman, several stories above, looks out window, sees Kong and screams. Kong looks up, sees woman,thinks it is Ann, starts to climb. Woman sees him coming, goes back from window. Kong climbing up building.
A ROOM in hotel, five men playing poker.
First Man: Sweeten it-sweeten it. They all ante, while 2nd man deals,
Third Man: What's all the doings over there at the theatre?
Second Man:Sounds like a three-alarm fire.
Fourth Man:Aw, some movie stunt about a monkey.
Fifth Man: I hear the theatre's sold out.
Third Man: This town sure is full of hicks.
First Man: Barnum was right.
KONG appears at window. They panic.

a rendition of the censored Fay Wray strip scene

The sequence isn't very important and one can understand why, if it was shot, it was removed in the final editing. But the next scene is a crucial one and proves beyond a doubt that Kong is not the overgrown chimp that everyone thinks he is.

KONG climbing building.
Another hotel room. A woman in negligee at telephone.
Woman: Yes Jimmy, it's Mabel-I've been waiting for you to call up.
Jimmy: Howya, kid. Glad I'm back?
Woman: You bet I'm glad you're back..I got your postal...Talk louder Jimmy, there's fire engines going by. I can't hear...
Jimmy: Gonna step out with me, kid? Ya save the evening like I told ya?
Woman: Sure I saved the evening...nine o'clock will be swell...and say, wait till you see my new outfit...All right, I'll be there...Say, when did I ever break a date with you, honey...
Jimmy: Whatsa matter? Hey kid, what yer yelling--Mabel! Mabel! Operator, something's happened!
KONG at window. He reaches in, picks her up, pulls her out of window.
EXTERIOR of hotel wall. Kong looks at her, sees she isn't Ann, drops her disgustedly.

So much for Mabel. As I mentioned, the elevated train scene is not in my copy of the script and neither is the long-censored bit of footage wherein Kong picks up a man from the street, examines him for a moment and then eats him! This last choice little bit was also censored along with Mabel's fall from Kong's grasp.

There are two endings in the script, too. One has Kong shot from the top of the building rather quickly, while the second is a bit lengthier, the familiar ending we all know, with more dialogue, more shots of the planes, and the damage they do to Kong with their guns. And finally of course, there's that famous last line.Which, like Burroughs once said in reference to the location of Pellucidar, every school boy should know. In the script, Denham and one officer are still on the roof of the building and are looking down at Kong. The policeman says,"Gee, what a sight. Well, the aviators got him." And Denham replies, "Oh no,'twasn't the aviators. It was Beauty killed the Beast." The policeman stares at him, very puzzled and thepicture ends. On the soundtrack of the film, the ending goes like this:

Denham: Let me through officer. My name's Carl Denham.
Policeman:Just a moment. Oh, Lieutenant!
Denham: Lieutenant, I'm Carl Denham.
Lieutenant: Carl Denham!!
Denham: Yeh!
Woman in crowd: Denham! Oh, that's the man who captured the monster!
Second Woman: He did?
Lieutenant:Well, Denham, the airplanes got him.
Denham:Oh no, it wasn't the airplanes. It was Beauty killed the Beast.

Essentially the same, true, but the second ending is much more effective with more feeling for what has gone on before. I haven't yet had the time to go over the soundtrack of the film with the script to notarize all the differences in dialogue, but perhaps one of these days I will. Until then, Kong will just have to wait his turn!

Pictured to the left is artist Pepin's rendition of the Fay Wray strip scene from *King Kong*, when the giant ape plucks the clothing off her body out of plain curiosity. The scene is one of many that were long-censored from the film, and only recently were reinstated. One of the other more famous scenes is that when a giant spider eats one of the sailors, discussed earlier in this article.

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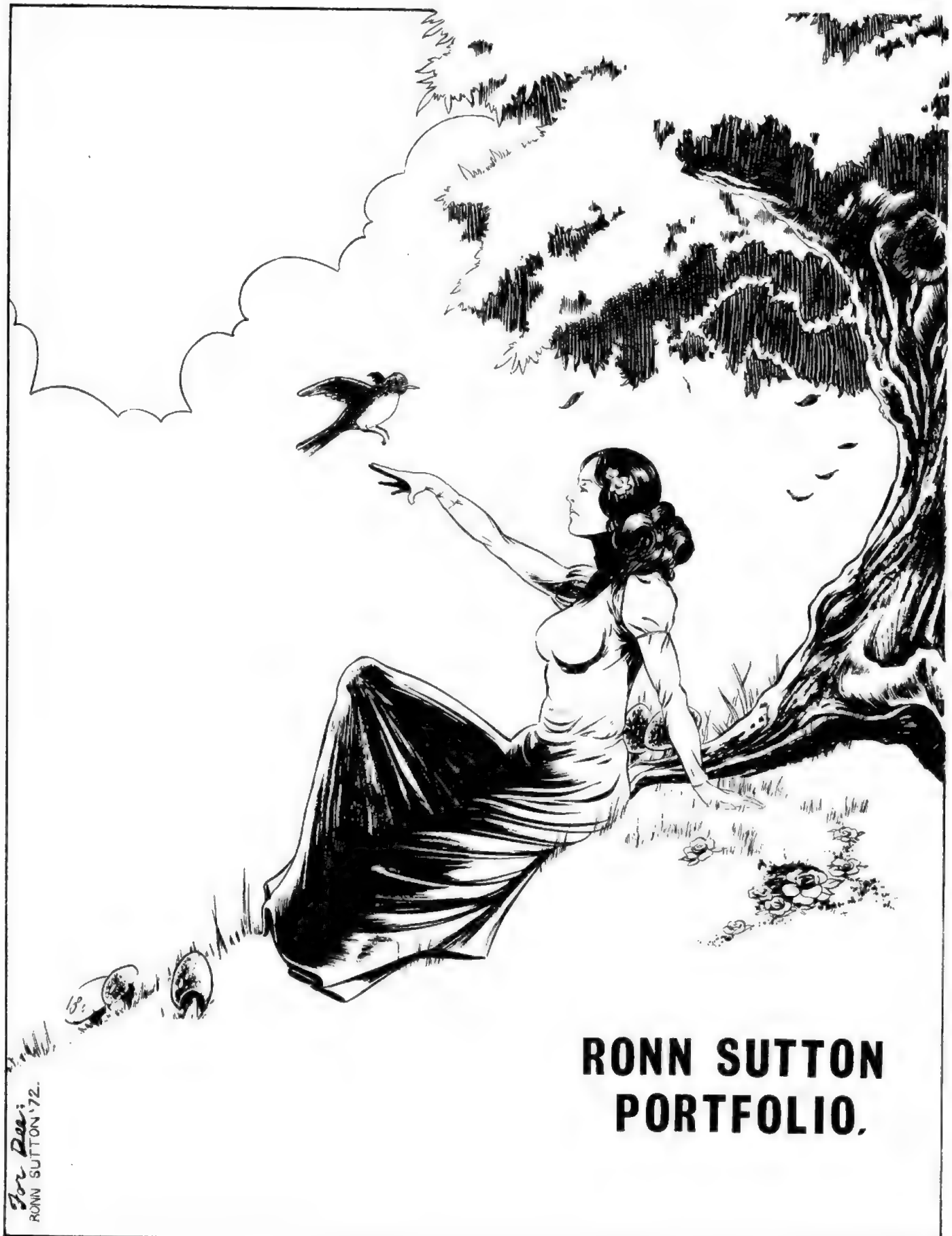

RONN SUTTON PORTFOLIO.

For Dan;
RONN SUTTON '72.

1813
JOHN SUTTON 1972

RONN SUTTON MAY '72

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DRAWN BY RONN SUTTON — LYRICS BY JIMI HENDRIX © 1972
WARNER BROS. RECORDS LTD. - "HEY BABY", NEW RISING SUN © ASCAP

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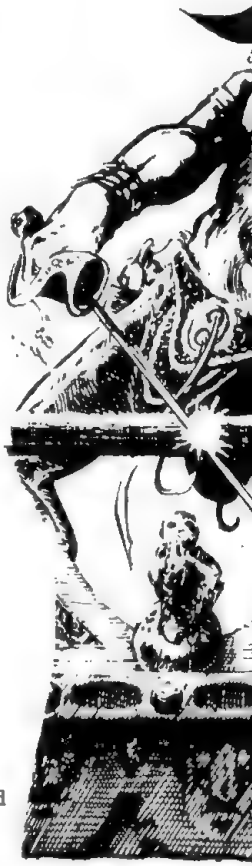

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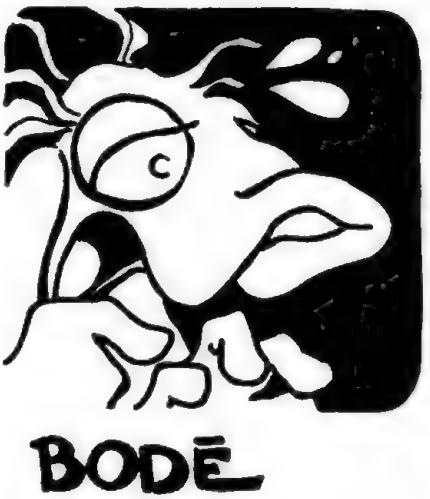


SUNPOT: THE CREATOR & THE STRIP

BY GEORGE BEAHM

In the mid-sixties, Vaughn Bode, a realist-fantasist, was virtually unknown to the world.His only exposure was to his fellow students at Syracuse University, and the feedback was always mixed-it ran the gamut of extreme distaste to hearty approval. In a letter written in 1968 to one of his friends, Bode said that he was virtually unknown-but he planned to break into professional illustration in the near future. His standards were as admirable as his goal; in a letter to Sam Bellotto,Bode said "I'm extremely serious about my work, my cartooning...I very, very carefully execute a story, making literally hundreds of changes and corrections. When I am done,I usually have a multi-level story that a child or an intellectual can enjoy." This attitude of professionalism manifests itself in every story that he has written and drawn-and it shows.

Now, scarcely five years after he made the statement that he would break into the field of professional illustration,we can see the many publications which can boast of his art.His work in fanzines has encompassed the very best publications in both comic and Sf.fandom. His work in the underground *(East Village Other/Gothic Blimp Works)* affirmed that he was a talent to be reckoned with; his thought provoking cartoons weren't the traditional tried-and-true stock characters-they were his own, like "The Man"who caused the reader to think.Now, with *The Collected Works of Cheech Wizard* out, and his series from Print Mint-*Junkwaffel*-coming out regularly, Bode's position in the underground is firmly entrenched.The professional work he has done, mainly for male magazines,are as distinctive as the hand that drew them. *Dapper* ran a 4 page black/white strip by Bode; *Swank* ran the highly successful "Purple Pictography" series, with 4 page Bode strips-then collaborations in full colour with Berni Wrightson. *Cavalier*,though,remains as the most definitive work he has and is doing."Deadbone" first saw print in April 1969; then "Deadbone" evolved into "Deadbone Erotica," which exploded in full colour each and every month-the format remaining to this day. The science fiction field was also blessed by Bode's art. *Galaxy, If, Amazing*,and *F & Sf* soon boasted of full colour covers and interior illustrations by Bode.*Galaxy*,though,merits special attention as it was the first professional magazine to feature "Sunpot."

It is impossible,of course,to elaborate further on his work in the professional field at greater length,so I must content myself with my personal views and opinions on one strip that Bode has done which is fresh, innovative, relevant, and masterfully executed-in short, a typical Bode masterpiece. The strip I'd like to bring to your attention is "Sunpot."

The first preview of Sunpot was in the December 1969 issue of *Galaxy*.The editor Ejler Jakobbson, devoted a full page to the feature and the creator of the strip. In the article, Jakobbson said this about Bode:"Vaughn, a licensed small plane pilot, and parachutist, young father,Underground artist and commercial art director,window washer and this year's Hugo Winner (Best Fan Artist), will communicate in the picture writing language of the young adults of today. He rules his own galaxy of little words..'I use them to reflect the harsh realities that all of us must march.' Vaughn will do his thing.Not I nor anybody else on the staff of this magazine will control what it is.We're going to be seeing the unpredictable-Vaughn Bode.It is possible that not even Bode has even seen all of Bode before."

In the February 1970 issue of *Galaxy*, Sunpot appeared as a 4 page Pictographic feature. Science fiction fans were,at first, turned off by the "comic strip" but the more astute fans realized that this strip

was a radical departure from the prosaic comic strips of that time.This strip was complete with believable characters, a fast-moving plot, staggering implications, and relevance.

Despite the obvious importance of Sunpot, the feature was dropped after 4 issues. Why? I don't know the exact answer, but after reading the strip many times over, I believe that Sunpot had become too imaginative,too provocative, too illustrative,and too individualistic for *Galaxy* to publish. Sunpot was too Vaughn Bode to be published in its entirety!

Vaughn, feeling annoyed that the series was nipped in the bud,completed the series (while adding background information for the strip) and gave it to Al Schuster,who published the book as SUNPOT.The book itself was printed on high quality paper and,as a bonus, the $2 tariff included a 20" x 24"blue print schematic of the Sunpot planet. The book was immediately snatched up by both comic and sf fans alike.

Why is SUNPOT so acclaimed? What makes SUNPOT unique? It is,of course, difficult to answer these questions to everyones's satisfaction,but I hope that you will have a basic understanding as to the importance of SUNPOT after reading the summary,my opinions of the book, and my conclusions as to the importance of it all.

SUNPOT began way back in 1965, when 480 million dollars was invested in a program of building a computer brain for the world's "second largest military complex." However, as Fate and Bode would have it, the brain functioned flawlessly for 3.5 millionths of a second before it went insane.The disgruntled scientist took the machine and flushed it down the sewer.The machine then floated serenely to its new home: a Georgia swamp. For six months the machine,"a badly scrambled super intellect", rested in the swamp and recuperated. After the recuperation period, Sunpot propelled itself to the Atlantic Ocean,where the machine hugged close to the eastern seashore and ultimately reached Cape Kennedy. Sunpot crawled aboard the rocket destined to take Surveyor 2 to the moon; however the brain "was nearly obliterated when Surveyor 2 crashed crazily into the moon's vast belly" but the brain survived and spent two years under the moon's surface in "building hundreds of machines and synthetic assistants and a tremendous factory that was to build a fantastic starship; one that would be a planet in its own right." The brain calls itself Dr.Electric, and "considers his mission at least as important as Christ's-but realizes that Christ had a head start." Dr.Electric then declares his mission to be "the conquest of all virgin in the name of his mother earth." Another year passes, then Sunpot is born in its final form.By February of 1970 the Sunpot planet is ready for its initial space flight tests.

Chapter 1 tells of Belinda Bump sighting the Apollo spacecraft,and her fear of the Apollo's crew seeing Sunpot. She suggests the ship move itself away from the moon in order to avoid detection by Apollo, but Farkfoot suggests that the Apollo craft be shot down.Dr.Electric agrees as it is easier to shoot the craft than to move Sunpot. Soon, the preparations for shooting the spacecraft are finished and Farkfoot shouts:"Apollo is on da' target and closin'! Stand Ready!" A moment later he exclaims,"Reefer Guns, Fire!" The guns boom, and one of the Apollo spacemen, with a shocked expression on his face, ejaculates,"I just saw a whole pack of moon satellites go shooting by!" Dr. Electric, despite his careful planning failed.

Chapter 2 has two short vignettes. The first is "Dr. Electric Defends his

Mean Policies," and deals with Dr.Electric and Belinda Bump listening to an angered lizard who protests against the attempt in shooting down the Apollo craft. Up to this point, the stock characters are devoid of emotion. Now, Bode introduces a touch of humanism and sympathy in a character of the strip. Dr.Electric cynically replies to the angered lizard,"We has spared da Apollo moon ship..." in spite of the fact the he didn't "spare" the ship-he accidently missed the Apollo ship completely! Dr. Electric cops out.

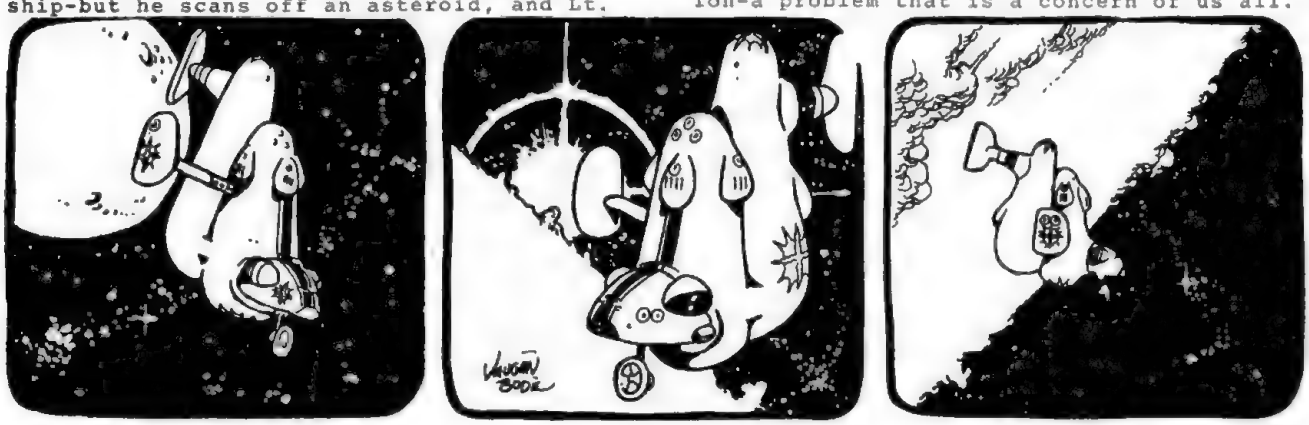
The second vignette is, I think, the first subtle hint of the instability of Sunpot planet."The Nutty Screw" focuses on a Screw who is "disgusted by dis travesty of aborted science fiction," and pulls a gun and begins shooting at everything in sight. One of the Electric Bees (who was sent to kill the Screw) sums up the Screw by saying,"You is a beserker, an unstable element in the Sunpot planet's structure..." Again, Bode reiterates the imperfection of Sunpot planet. The Screw, of course, is killed methodically, and Sunpot goes on its erratic course.

Chapter 3 provides comic relief-although tragic-as only Bode can show it. A lizard, map-scanning Venus,unwittingly takes off his sunglasses in order to view virgin Venus. Despite the warnings of blindness that can occur if one views Venus without glasses, Lt. Rubber Berry removes his glasses and goes blind.Meanwhile, the ship is slowly drifting off course. The lizard then goes for an echo scan, which would put him back with the ship-but he scans off an asteroid, and Lt. Rubber Berry thinks that the asteroid is the ship! The last panel shows the lizard docked on the asteroid, with Sunpot nowhere in sight.The lizard says,"I has been docked for two hours now,and nobody has come out to get me. Maybe my radio is on da blink." Funny, yet tragic humour.

Chapter 4 continues on the theme that Sunpot is imperfect. There has been a revolution, headed by "Bobo,the Vicious Rebel Chief" who disrupts the power needed to pilot Sunpot.Ultimately,Bobo surrenders but it is too late as "Sunpot Planet crunches and smunches along the sloping, looming dune, and comes to a creaking, gravelly halt..." Dr. Electric angered to find that Sunpot has run aground, advises the rebellious lizards to run for it. The lizards depart from the ship in mixed emotions. One lizard, awed at the prospects of being stranded on an unexplored planet, says, "I'll bet some sort of Venusian life form will come and save us! Or we'll find a lost Utopian civilization..." Bobo, realistically says, "What you mean is we'll be dead of heat prostration, dehydration,and asphixiation in five hours." Again,tragic humour comes into focus.

Chapter five never appeared in *Galaxy* as it was originally promised.Bode withdrew from the staff,probably due to censorship of the strip. Fortunately, it appeared in SUNPOT,and this chapter was seen for the first time.

Chapter 5 tells of Sunpot's departure from virgin Venus. It also deals with the harsh reality of environmental pollution-a problem that is a concern of us all.



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Dr. Butter Paunch, head of Sunpot's environment control department, asserts that "Sunpot's air system sucks!" Dr. Electric, oblivious to the voice of authority laughs and instructs Belinda Bump to shoot Dr. Butter Paunch. "You Tin Maggot!" screams Dr.Butter Paunch,"The stinking air on dis goddam ship is totally polluted!If we don't head back for Earth and clean up our air system,we're all doomed!" Good Lord, what next?

Chapter 6,the final chapter. We see Sunpot glide aimlessly in space and we guess what has happened.Bode confirms our fears as he says, "We glide in, powered by cells of dreadful curiosity." We do glide in and see that inside the ship there is an ominous quietude."The awful air is thick, sick, yellow with curls of cloudy smog..." Lizards float around in smog-filled rooms; they float in "a grotesque ballet, played to an audience of Junk..." The internal strife is summed up by Bode as he says, "The control house is torn and battered...there was a fight here, maybe a revolution... The new planet was always rift with internal strife..."The last panel depicts Sunpot, upside down, sloating serenely toward the heart of a gigantic sun. The caption reads:"Sunpot is Dead."

SUNPOT-to me at least- is an experimental idea in above-ground illustration.It was a comment of the present times by Bode;He tells us, via the story, that internal strife and pollution-if unchecked-will eventually kill everyone on our planet.

Now,let's look at some of the inhabitants of Sunpot planet. First there is Dr.Electric himself, and irrantional, slightly crazy individual who doesn't listen to logic; he is analogous to _____(fill in the blank with the name of your favourite politician, world leader, or boss). Second, the Electric Bees could conceivably represent the law force, policemen, fuzz,or pig-depending on your point of view. Third, there is Belinda Bump, a happy-go-lucky blonde, who clings tenaciously to her master/hero.Draw your own conclusions here.Fourth, there is Farkfoot, a militaristic and violent individual;he,I think, is a satire on the military establishment. Farkfoot continually shouting orders out, typifying the stereotyped rock-carved Marine drill sergeant-or any other vociferous military man with power on his side.Fifth, there are Fuel Screws, representing the many neurotic people, wandering aimlessly around on Earth; Fuel Screws are always depicted with extremely nervous expressions on their faces. Sixth, there are Coakers,who do the menial chores. "They are black and therefore have no rights," states Bode. Obviously, this is a satire on the racial problem of today.And seventh, there are Lizards, "the scientists and technicians and idiots indispensible to Sunpot's operations." This, I think, sums up their counterparts on Earth, the scientists, technicians, and idiots.

LIZARDS

BELINDA BUMP

Perhaps I'm seeing things in the strip that weren't intended by Bode as being there.Perhaps I'm not. But I'm sure of one thing:SUNPOT is a commentary on pollution. Sunpot, a world unto itself, is unable to check its internal strife (inhabitants) and external strife (environment). Together,these two elements caused the extermination of the Sunpot planet. Genocide. Earth,a world unto itself, is unable to check its internal strife,and our efforts toward pollution at the present rate is so negligible that it can't begin to stop pollution on our planet.These elements might and could conceivably cause the death of our planet-if we can't control them.Can we? If not, genocide.

Predicted by Vaughn Bode.

FARKFOOT

This article was written by George Beahm,who, with Cuyler Brooks, Jr, established an organization devoted to the serious appreciation of Vaughn Bode art. With three posters and five issues of the *Bode Bulletin* under their belt, one can be assured of their constant interest in Bode art. 10¢ brings the recent copy of BB; $2.25 brings a copy of SUNPOT,the topic of the article. Order from:The Bode Collectors, 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Virginia 23605.Checks payable to Cuyler Brooks, Jr.

LETTERS TO COMIC & CRYPT

Dear Mark and Dave:

As of now, I have more or less completed all the reading material in C&C and I think I should give you a rundown of what I'm thinking since we never seem to get around to talking about the zine.

Being slightly more artistic than literate, I'll talk about the art side of the publication first; fannishly speaking, the art was very good. Artistically speaking, the art was poor. I think we can agree that your art staff is slightly above the quality of the "better" fanzines such as *Paragon* or *Comic Crusader*, however the merits of the individual pieces of artwork are not that well executed. Dan Adkins' cover leaves me cold. I greatly prefer his cover for the previous edition, however this is professional work and very slickly and neatly done. Alan Hanley is driving me crazy. He has to go. There are a lot of things that I don't like about Vincent Marchesano, but there are more things that I DO like about him. If I could draw half as well and half as fast, I would have it made.

I did not enjoy OPINION not because our ideas conflicted, but because I feel that there is no room in fandom for opinion articles. 99% are basic bias. I enjoyed ON A CLEAR DAY..., but mostly because it struck close to home. I remember being there, and it was nice to recall.

Frankly, I didn't like Bruce Kalnins' article. It was very well written. In fact, I would say that it was far too over-written. Bruce takes great pride in his articles and each one has been a large advancement since those early fannish Marvel days we went through when I read his articles while he looked at my scribblings. I now feel that Bruce has passed beyond his market. I told you earlier that I did not understand his article. That was incorrect. I did understand it, but with great difficulty. He is trying to communicate to a 13-25 age group using a *Newsweek/Time Magazine* style of writing. Perhaps he is finding TOO much in each comic, or else I missed too much when reading it. Maybe his hours of reading have paid off. Perhaps someday my hours at the drawing board will do the same...

Personally, I enjoy David Rubin's writing more than anyone else's on your staff. Same thing last issue. I'm sure he put a lot of research in these three articles, and I'll be looking forward to seeing more in future issues.

Looking forward to the next edition.

Ronn Sutton

(Thank you very much for your comments, Ronn. Your "scribblings" as you put it have aided us greatly by elevating the quality of our magazine since its early days. Thanks-Editors)

Dear Mark and Dave:

Comic and Crypt #5 was the best yet with credit going to the good layouts. Jack Kirby seemed to be the theme of the comic section, which I enjoyed. One thing I did not like was Bruce Kalnins article. Glad to see you're giving us some news as well as reviews.

Now for the art. I am pleased to say that it was near perfection for a "fanzine". Adkins and Kirby gave the book a pro look, while Sutton and Jamieson add the little extra. Putting photos in the book proved successful and made the book look twice as good.

By the way, congratulations on the Cosmic convention, thought it was great! Why not run an article on it? So much for now.

Awaiting your next issue.
Your friend,
Bill McMullan

(We've included an article on Cosmicon this issue by one of the con's organizers, Ron Kasman-Editors)

Dear Mark and Dave:

I really enjoyed this zine. I don't enjoy all the zines I buy. *Citadel*, *Wonderful World of Comics*, Hanley's *Comic Book*...and now *Comic & Crypt*.

Can't say I liked the cover...but that Bill Nelson-Wow! That guy is great! Kind of an artistic mixture of Rich Corben and *Esquire's* Bill Levine. His inking and crosshatching, and his shading...fantastic!! Hold on to him!

Even Ronn Sutton has improved to the point where I ro longer just glimpse at his stuff...I stare at it for a while.Now he's on the level of the more famous fan artists and I hope to see his art in other zines such as *Fantastic Fanzine*. One thing about Ronn-despite his obvious friendship and admiration for Berni Wrightson, he has avoided imitating Berni and has a different style...really, that is an accomplishment.

Mike Heltz...I don't know how much we can judge from one illo...but he's good. He needs lots of work on anatomy,but he's an excellent inker. Very clean.

Ron Jamieson's letter page illo took a lot of work.It was a really nice piece. I just hope he doesn't start imitating Adams...He's headed in that direction.

Those Adkins-Kirby illustrations were a welcome touch. I really loved that back cover of Slig.

"On a Clear Day..." was a very interesting and entertaining article. A lot of people frown on columns relating personal experiences, but up theirs. I enjoyed Ron's work. I also like your maturity about four letter words.

The interview with Kirby and Infantino was extremely interesting, even if the two kept on playing Mutual Admiration Society. But I don't dig Kirby that much anyway.

As for "Kirby's Kosmic Kapers" the last thing I need is an explanation-another one- of Kirby's new comic books. But it was interesting; I was suprised.

Hanley's illo was rough this time. They can't all be winners, I guess, because Hanley is the busiest fan artist around.

The Marchesano centrespread was excellent, but I did not dig the ink job on the bed and rug. And I'm getting bored with these menaced naked girls.Don't nobody sleep in pajamas anymore? Not in comic books, I've noticed.

The Dracula piece? Extremely interesting and well-done! Christ,this is just what I've been looking for! A long, profusely illustrated article on Dracula...the LAST place I'd think it'd come from is a fanzine. I thought *Castle of Frankenstein* would do it first.

The paper stock was fine,and I hope you keep those cardboard covers. The layout was excellent.I really have to admire Ronn and Ron for their ability to layout a page well.

All in all I truly dig *C&C*.I hope you continue to give it the personal touch that you did in relating the interview and Ron's column.Good Luck,

Gary John Reynolds

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COSMIC CONVENTION REPORT

by
Ron Kasman

Cosmic Con, as most of you don't know, due to late planning and a lack of advertising in the States, was Canada's "first major convention of comic, science-fiction, fantasy and film fans." That's the way it was billed in the ads, and in looking back, it was probably.

Right about now, in reading a con report, you are expecting a line something like:"The doors opened and there I was, seated in the main hall listening to James Warren give the keynote speech."Well, this con report isn't going to contain anything like that for two reasons: (1) This isn't that kind of con report, and (2) The convention staff had an altercation with Warren the night before the con,which prompted him to not come; so therefore he could not, of course, attempt a keynote speech.

Cosmic Convention was the first con of its kind that I've ever witnessed. It was put together with the intention of entertaining the comic fan and generally doing more than satisfying his voracious appetite for pretty pictures.

The con had a very confused start on March 3rd, a Friday night. Movies were scheduled to start at four o'clock but didn't, because of a broken lens on the projector. A new lens wasn't obtained until eight o'clock, when the cinema aspect of the con started off with Homicidal, followed by a screening of Je T'aime, Je T'aime, with a question and answer period with Alain Resnais as the master of ceremonies. Other than that, the French film director came solely as a fan of the comics media. That ended the day's festivities for many of the fans. About a dozen of the guests arrived on the ten o'clock flight that night and got around to setting up their individual displays; they then commenced to watching some of the movies which ran all through the night.The arrival of the guests brings me to my next point. Most conventions, as any keen eye can observe, seem to be a vehicle for the adoration of talented professional and amateur artists by their fans or "groupies" as they are sometimes called. Cosmic Con at York University had a much freer atmosphere. The typical person at the convention was of university age; many were film fans as well as comic fans,and very few were running around being totally amazed at the realization that the people who create our dreams are actually alive. Furthermore, it seems that a hotel at a comic con is used solely for accommodations, comic forums, dealers'rooms, etc., whereas at Cosmic Con there were two pubs as well as an inexpensive snack bar. On a lighter note, we had a paper airplane fight-something for which some friends and I were bounced from the New York con since, as we all know, the tip of a paper airplane can take a guy's eye out. I just thought I would point that out for all you frustrated paper airplane pilots.

The films that night included Sleeping Beauty, Planet of the Apes, and others. Planet of the Apes didn't commence until six-thirty in the morning, and by this time the projectionist was too tired to continue running the films. He then attempted to make the audience who had been staying up largely to see that movie, adopt his own considerations by convincing them that they were too tired.He was then called assorted things until he resolved to play the movie. His concluding statement on the subject before putting on the film was: "You are all crazy." For many of the conventioneers, the Commons room (where the movies were shown) were their accommodations for the night and in many cases for the weekend. Fortunately, there were padded chairs and chesterfields in the room. Other places that were used as makeshift hotel rooms included guest rooms and bunkhouses that were supplied by the campus, and the Winters Residence and Second Floor Common Room, though many found it advantageous not to sleep at all.

On Saturday, the con really got underway, bearing no resemblance to the near-disaster of the previous day. One of the conventions greatest attributes (next to the brief appearance by George

Stan Lee at the Celebrity Banquet laughing congenially with some inquisitive comic fans.

Illustrator Jim Steranko acts nonchalant for some of the many fans buzzing around him.

Some U.S. visitors browse through the display set up by Captain George Henderson.

Earnest collectors search vigorously through the hundreds of comics on sale .

An aerial view of the Dealers' room and the many different displays it engulfed.

Toufexis) was likely its displays of original art. These displays, which filled six rooms, included the works of George Metzger, Dennis Fujitake,Wendy Brown, Bill Payne, Marvel colour proofs, and yet to be published art, Steranko,Hinge, Mac-an-t-soir, Marchesano, Cooper, Kaluta, Adams, Chaykin, Weiss, Heath, Wrightson,and Jon Lomberg, as well as single pieces and minor displays by dozens of others.For me personally, the viewing of these displays constituted one of the high points of the convention. One other event that stands out in my mind is the pro panel, with Steranko, Hinge, Morrow, Kubert, Adams, T.Casey Brennan, Kaluta, Steve Skeates, and lastly,unless I missed someone, Smilin' Stan Lee. Unlike most panels that I have seen at cons, very few stupid questions were asked and the celebrities merely kicked ideas around by themselves.Most were quite outspoke.For example, Steranko commented on the subject of DC comics: "In National's case,in my opinion, they lack entertainment, and they begin to be dull" There was a big argument on drugs in comics which soon gave way to a discussion of relevance:

Steranko: *I believe that comics can be used to inform and instruct school children.*
He then went on to tell about a comic he'd done, entitled "The Block", to be distributed free on the subject of drugs, and made a remark on what he referred to as Stan Lee's drug books-stories on drugs he accused of exploiting the drug problem.

Lee: *It was not a drug book; it was a story of Spiderman fighting the Green Goblin. The drug story we did was a story like any other-like Aunt May having a heart attack, we've done that thirty or fifty times. I kind of resent the implications that we were making a fast buck.*

Steranko: *Stan, I didn't mean to impugn your integrity.*

Neal Adams: *I want to talk about my drug book.* He discussed the Green Lantern book that had been done along with Denny O'Neil who lived on the lower East Side which was taken over by a homosexual motorcycle gang. But he thinks it's good because it keeps the bad guys away.Adams made a point that he had done a lot of research on heroin, a drug that he is really very much against, and

Illustration by *Fujitake*

had used it in Green Lantern because the strip was to be discontinued anyway, and they could have free rein.

The head of the convention,in his infinite wisdom, decided that most panels would be flops so he scheduled very few.The rest of the day was rounded out for most people by watching movies, going to slide shows and hanging around the dealers' room.

The slide shows I can only comment on by what I have heard from other people.The Steranko and Morrow shows were said to be good, the reason for this being that Steranko narrated them-Steranko is a very good speaker. Other shows ranged from good, such as the Underground show which gave us an introspective view of what the Underground is all about, to terrible, at the E. C.slide show, where the question was posed to the audience:"Does anyone know enought about E.C. to do a commentary?" These shows were likely a failing of the convention.The masters of ceremonies weren't good enough speakers to arouse the interest of the audiences.

The dealers' room was another disappointment to some. Although free tables were offered to conventioneers(excluding major dealerers) few took them.Most any fanzine wanted could be found in the dealer's room as could current Marvel and National books, but it was tough finding specific kinds of comics that were over twenty years old.

The day's festivities ended with a rock concert, the first I've ever heard of at any fantasy convention. Two groups were brought in from Detroit. Headlining was Ted Nugent and the Amboy Dukes, who play a tune similar to what Jimi Hendrix was famous for. This included a rendition of the Star Spangled Banner, played by Nugent with his teeth as well as other Hendrix songs and original numbers. The Dukes have recorded five albums and are a first-rate group.The convention spared no expense in getting them(and their back-up group, Little Eric) They alone cost the convention as much as the convention grossed. Possibly,the rock concert epitomizes the spirit of the Con.An auditorium full of hundreds of people having a good time, marred only by one dopey kid from Ohio reading a comic under a light.

The highlight of day three of the convention was the panel with Mike Kaluta, Steve Englehart, Howie Chaykin, Frank Brunner,and Al Weiss. This panel started off in a very boring way. With questions like:"How did you start off in comics?" and "Do you get pushed around by publishers?", they didn't have much to work with.The panel got interesting when Neal Adams asked if anyone had any incidents with James Warren that would be worth relating since many of them had had confrontations with him.One tale that was experience by more than one panel member was then repeated. After an artist finishes his first script, Warren asks him to come up to his office and asks him: "Is this your best work?"The real answer is usually no since a newly pro artist will have learned so much while doing a strip that he could do a better job after it is finished. If the artist answers "Yes" Warren reaches into his drawer and whips out a stamp.He puts it to an ink pad, then to paper and there is suddenly a printed sheet saying "Bullshit" in front of him, which leaves him totally dumbfounded. If the answer is no he is no better off.Warren walks over to a set of drapes and opens them to reveal a sign saying "We are the Best" also guaranteed to leave the artist dumbfounded after Warren comments "How can we have this trademark and still print your second-rate work?"

By the time the panel came to an end, it was late afternoon and things began to close down as people said goodbye to the first Cosmicon.

Because of the obvious enjoyment of everyone who attended the con, plans are already being made by York University for a second con in October.

As a veteran of many conventions and an avid comic fan, I can truthfully say I enjoyed this one and am looking forward to next fall and Cosmicon II.

(For further information,regarding membership, dealers' tables, etc.,consult the ad for the con elsewhere in the magazine-Editors)

COSMICON II

Coming up on October 27 (night), 28th and 29th (1972) is COSMICON II, Toronto's second annual convention of comic art, science fiction, fastasy and film fans (SEE OTHER SIDE). The events for the weekend will include slide shows, viewings of twenty-five feature films, art displays by many talented artists, a luncheon, the appearance of a rock band (tentatively MC5) and many more items of interest.

Guests of honour have yet to be chosen which is one reason a group representing our convention has come down to E.C. Con. Last Year's guests of honour were Jim Steranko, Alain Resnais, Mike Hinge, "Stan the Man" Lee and Joe Kubert and we're confident that this year's line-up will be as impressive. Watch for our ads in the Buyer's Guide in coming months for more on this.

We have a table here at the con, come over and talk to us if you like or sign up to have our progress reports mailed out to you. Dealers, tables will be available at Cosmicon for a $25.00 fee for the weekend with ad space in our program booklet available at $12.00 per page.

Attending members and supporting memberships will recieve a free copy of the program booklet. As an added bonus, supporting members will recieve a COSMICON poster (last year's poster was a one colour (DAYGLO) poster by Jim Steranko.) Hope to see you at COSMICON II, that's at Winters Building, York University, 4700 Keele St.

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COMIC and CRYPT

Hope you have enjoyed the issue. Now there are some people we'd like to thank:

Bill Nelson, whose fine linework has been featured in Photon, Cinefantastique, and Gore Creatures,contributed a marvellous rendition of King Kong for this issue. A portfolio of his drawings is available from him, at the address which appears in his ad on this page.It is well worthwhile.

Although none of Rob MacIntyre's fine artwork appears in this issue, he did ink our inside front cover. He is also responsible for a beautiful folio of his work. For $2.00, it can be ordered from Captain George Henderson, at 594 Markham Street, Toronto 5, Ontario,Canada.

There are two other fanzines that I would like to mention at this time. The first is Melting Pot, a fine all-Canadian fanzine, produced by Larry Mitchell;the fanzine is all-offset and is interesting reading.Available from him for 25¢. Order from: Larry Mitchell, 3908-26 Street, Vernon, British Columbia, Canada.

Canada APA is Canada's first APA zine, published by Vaughan Fraser. It will be coming out bi-monthly, and it is 75¢ to join. There will be a maximum of twenty-five members and it is restricted to Canadians. Write Vaughan for further information: Vaughn Fraser, Box 338, Corunna, Ontario, Canada.

Dealer's orders are welcome. You are considered a dealer if your order is for ten issues or more.A special 40% discount is available for such orders, which include free postage.

Special thanks to Ken Barr for his cover for this issue. A really excellent piece. We really appreciate it, Ken. Also Vince Marchesano, who as last issue,contributed our centrespread. Vince's own Spectrum Pubs., such as Spectrum, Id, Ego, Aeon, etc., are available from him at 19 Richwill, Apt. #308, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Alan Hanley, a mainstay in fandom for many years, and a contributor to Comic and Crypt since our second issue, has copies of his own fanzine The Comic Book, which can be obtained from him for $1.00 by ordering from 1940 West Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill., 60640. The current issue, No. 5 is fantastically funny, and well worth the price.

Captain George Henderson, already well-known for his Captain George Presents and his Whizzbang,is coming out with a collection of reprints from Frank Frazetta's White Indian, and other strips from the '50s by Frazetta, reproduced from the original art.

Well, that's it for this issue. We'd also like to thank the many people who helped to make it a success and especially you the readers who aided us in our efforts. We have had a good time producing this fanzine, and we hope you enjoyed reading this our final issue in this present format.

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IN CONCLUSION